

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

Let no contributor conclude, because we postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

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We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

## Water Witchery Explained.

In answer to numerous correspondents, we this week print the following, from the pen of Prof. Buchanan, as the most philosophical explanation yet given of a wonderful fact:

One of the most remarkable facts which have been neglected by the scientific, is that which has been expressed by the term Bletonism, or Water Witchery. The familiar practice in Europe and America of determining the proper location for a well, and the probable depth at which a stream of water will be found, has not received the proper attention of scientific men.

When we examine the process by which the discovery is made, we do not observe anything very rational or scientific. The water finder proceeds over the ground, holding in his hands a forked twig of witch hazel, peach, or some appropriate tree, which it is believed will turn down with considerable force and point toward the subterranean stream, whenever he stands directly over it. Such is the general opinion of water finders; and some of them even declare that the twig turns down with sufficient force to twist it in their hands, breaking the bark. It is also believed that by holding a switch or rod in the hand by the smaller end, leaving it in a position free to move, it will adapt its direction to the course of a subterranean stream, and thus become a guide by which the stream may be traced. It is believed that on the water finder holding a small rod or twig in his hand above the site of the subterranean stream, it will soon be thrown into motion by a mysterious attraction, and begin to vibrate vertically to and from the water.

In these opinions, although they may appear ridiculous to the man of science, we observe the form in which a familiar fact presents itself and is received by the unscientific mind. As to any attraction between the twigs and the subterranean stream of water, when no human being interferes, we have not the slightest evidence of its existence. The whole cause, therefore, of the facts and phenomena, must be found in the constitution, capacities, and peculiarities of the individuals who make the experiment. The forked twig or divining rod is held in such a manner, compressed by the hand, as to be very liable, if the pressure is not carefully made, to be thrown down by the force used. Hence its turning down, even with apparent violence, is not at all surprising. But the water finder tells us, sincerely, no doubt, that he makes no effort to cause the twig to turn down, on the contrary, wishes to prevent it. Nevertheless we know that the twig can be maintained in its erect position only by the judiciously balanced force which he applies to it, and that whenever, from any cause, his force is improperly applied, it must descend, whether he wills such a result or not.

So in the case of following the guidance of an elastic switch, it is very easy, when it is held almost balanced from one extremity, swinging to and fro in an elastic manner, to change its direction by the unconscious movement of the hand of the holder; it is obvious that a very slight movement, however communicated, even the slight movements which are always experienced from the impulse of the heart and from the movements of respiration, will be sufficient to produce a gentle vibration of the twig. By these means we can explain the movements of the divining-rod of the water-finder, as being entirely caused by the action of his own muscular system, independent of any anticipation on his part, or any design to produce such results.

This reasoning, however, does not explain the wonderful fact, which has been verified in thousands of instances, that the true situation of subterranean streams may be thus pointed out, and even the depth at which the water lies correctly indicated. To explain this fact we must refer to the wonderful powers of the nervous system, which recognize the influence of a medicine enveloped in a paper or hermetically sealed in a bottle. The powers by which we recognize the influence of a medicine through solid media—by which we recognize the mental influence belonging to the contents of an unopened letter, and by which we recognize the pathological—are powers of a similar character to that which is concerned in water finding. It is a consequence of an impressible nervous system, that all substances around us, and at various distances, are capable of exerting an influence upon us. Sensitive persons may be powerfully affected by a magnet at fifteen or twenty feet distance. That so simple and harmless a fluid as water should exert a distinct influence upon the human constitution, at a considerable distance, is not incredible when we have witnessed parallel facts as to the operation of other agents.

In order to explain the mysteries of Bleton-

ism, I have selected persons of a high impressibility, with a view of determining, by the excitement of their organs, in what portion of the brain the power of the Bletonist could be located. Knowing that it was a perceptive power, I discovered that any highly impressible person might be endowed with the power of the Bletonist by exciting sufficiently the sensitive and perceptive organs. In the greater number of highly impressible persons, these organs are spontaneously sufficiently active for our purpose, and such persons are capable of becoming water-finders if they exercise their power.

I discovered, in my first examination of the subject, that any impressible person might be sensibly affected by proximity to a body of water, and that, by exciting his intuitive perceptive organs, he would be enabled to recognize its presence whenever he approached it. Thus, by placing a large bowl or pitcher of water upon the table, and causing the individual to pass around the room with his eyes closed, holding his hand extended horizontally, I observed that whenever his hand passed over the bowl of water, not knowing where it was, it would slightly descend as though attracted towards it. After a little experience he would be enabled, by passing his hand around the room, to recognize the spot at which he experienced the action of the water. Thus, if a bowl of water should be placed under a chair, he would be able, by placing his hand, with his eyes closed, upon each chair, to distinguish the one beneath which the water was situated. After placing his hand over a bowl of water several times, and observing a descent of his hand at each passage, it was observed that if he stood still, holding his hand in the same position, it would gradually be attracted towards the water, and descend, as if compelled by an increasing force, the muscles of the arm appearing to undergo a peculiar contractile and numbing influence.

Having observed these facts, I sought an opportunity to apply the principle to the case of a somewhat noted water finder. The old gentleman was brought to my office. I gave him a hint of my views as to his peculiar powers, which he received with considerable skepticism. Nevertheless, I proposed to test the water experiment, and to show him that the whole mystery of water-finding consisted not in any peculiar virtue of the divining rod, but in a peculiar influence exerted by water over the human system. By the experiment of holding his arm extended in different parts of the room over a bucket of water, and elsewhere, I endeavored to convince him of the truth of the principle. He found that whenever his arm was held over the water, it was strongly disposed to descend; yet, it was not till repeated trials in other portions of the apartment that he could be convinced that the water exerted any peculiar influence, although his arm did not exhibit the same disposition to descend in other places. Finally, however, resolved that he would not be convinced if he could help it, he determined to hold his arm above a bucket of water, and not allow any influence from that source to effect it. He accordingly held out his hand, and steadily resisted the influence, which, nevertheless, was visibly operating and causing its descent. He continued this struggle until his arm was spasmodically agitated by his effort, and yielded the point only when he found himself unable to resist any longer.

After giving him this demonstration of his impressibility, I informed him that the same principles were applicable to other influences as well as that of water, and placed upon his forehead, in succession, the heads of Judge S., General Jackson, Mr. Calhoun, etc., from each of which he derived a striking and characteristic impression corresponding to the characters of the writers and the mode in which he was accustomed to regard them. Thus we learn that the phenomena of Bletonism are nothing more than a popular and universal mode of displaying the impressibility of the nervous system, which Neurology has demonstrated. The rod or twig, or any other apparatus for the exercise of this power, is a convenient method for its exhibition, as the muscles of the operator, while holding the twig, are affected by the influence of the subterranean stream. But in truth, no such apparatus is necessary. The impressible Bletonist may go forth with his hand alone—may recognize subterranean streams, indicate their course and depth; and I believe may not only indicate the course of the subterranean streams, but may also determine the position of mineral strata.

## She Never Leaves Him.

"Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; at man, visited by misfortunes! How often is he left by his fellow-men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his afflictions with unshaken affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtues; in resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distresses, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow come together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy."

## Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Heat as a Disinfectant and a Cure.

A MEDICAL WHISPER BY A CORRESPONDENT.

The earth is the cause of life, disease, and death. The particles of it exist in all possible forms—in the process of combination, recombination, and decay. The decay of the higher forms of the earth evolve gases that ascend into the atmosphere, which, when in contact with the skin, the boundary of the life of the body, or inspired into the lungs, produce at times the saddest results.

The heat of summer seems to be peculiarly favorable to this rapid decomposition, and the more rapidly the gases are disengaged, the sooner will they cease; for the same heat that generates the gases, rarefies the particles of atmosphere into which the effluvia has escaped and ascended, while colder currents of uncharged air take their places.

Odoriferous compounds are frequently used as disinfectants, often to the injury of health, without any benefit accruing. Vapors in any locality, incompatible with the purity of the atmosphere, do not change its impurities, unless these new and impure substances have an affinity for and unite with each other under the form of crystallization. Steam has been used as a disinfectant, but with indifferent success. The heated particles of which it is composed soon lose the heat by contact with larger bodies of cold air, and soon become condensed into water, holding in solution the impurities which it was intended to destroy.

It is well known that heat expands and cold contracts all bodies, up to a certain limit, when the law changes. Consequently, in cases in which purification is required, it is necessary to raise the heat as high as practicable, keeping every aperture open, when the pure atmosphere contiguous will rush in to restore the equilibrium.

But heat is most advantageous as a curative agent.

All diseases partake of two general characters, viz: heat and cold. These are the extreme types of all cases. The object of curative agents internally taken and outwardly applied is to restore the body from either of these conditions to a normal state. If the body, or a portion of it, is too warm or inflamed, it must be made cooler, and if too cold, must be made warmer. To accomplish these results, how strange and inconsistent are the courses pursued! Well may it be said, that medicine is administered empirically, without the aid of science.

If the principle of "like produces like" be a correct one, (as it is unchallenged, it must be accepted as such,) we have the key that unlocks the door of mystery and solves the problem of the treatment of disease.

Hence is seen the necessity, in cases of local or general inflammation, of applying heat as the remedy externally, and of administering internally remedies that favor the principle. How many people go down to the grave with fever sores or ulcers, who have been under the cold-water treatment as curative! This was the fate of the writer's father. In another case, the patient, an acquaintance of the editor of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, called upon a celebrated surgeon to have his hand lanced, in which pus had formed from the introduction of a splinter.

Immediately after the operation, he was directed to hold the hand under running water from the hydrant, for about ten or fifteen minutes. In the act of doing this, his wife (an excellent medium) entered the room and called him away. The consequence was serious. The hand swelled up to more than twice its usual size, openings appeared in different places, discharging corrupted matter and the pains for weeks were almost unendurable; inflammation set in in the arm, and none could tell what might have been the result, had not his wife, by spirit aid continued for weeks, brought the case to a successful issue. What can be expected of the ordinary profession when those acknowledged skillful make so grave mistakes?

The "sweating process," as your correspondent, Mr. Harbaugh, testifies, is attendant, as a general thing, with the best results—the cure lying in the heated particles.

Herring states that dry heat applied to the wound produced by the bite of a rabid dog, till the parts shiver, is one of the best remedies in such cases. In cholera, heat itself is quite a specific. The patient must enter his room and increase the temperature to that degree in which chilly sensations will not occur.

It has been found also remedial in cases of poisoning, and other cases in which there is a rapid tendency to diminution of temperature in the body. Its power over affections of the lungs and bronchial tubes is generally known to the profession and hence the practice in such cases to send such patients South.

In sores and ulcers the pouring on of tepid water, for fifteen minutes, three times a day, will, in almost every case, reduce the inflammation, after which the parts will heal. In local pains, internally or externally, it is as sure a remedy as any other. When it is not practicable to use moist heat, it may be necessary to use it dry. Substances that retain heat for a long time, such as salt, oats, &c., may be heated and placed in a bag or bladder, and applied to the surface. All substances applied to the body, that generate a counter-inflammation, act upon this principle of heat.

The curative properties of the warm bath are too well known to need illustration here.

In burns that are not extensive, holding the part by the fire a few moments will entirely cure the case; and even when they are extensive, substances hot in their nature are the best application. Other cases might be enumerated in which heat is curative, but space will not suffice.

J. C.

## Laws and Systems.

"There is he armed who hath his quarrel just—  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

### Slavery, Land-monopoly, and War.

ARE THESE, AND, IN SHORT, ALL HUMAN MEANS AND WAYS OF GOVERNMENT, FOUNDED IN THE RIGHT?

MR. EDITOR:—I have, since its commencement, been an earnest and careful reader of your paper. Although not a Spiritualist, I gratefully acknowledge the instruction I have received from its columns; and especially from the efforts of those noble workers who have endeavored to solve the above problems. And that I may aid in those endeavors is my incitement to the present task.

There are two ways in which we may view questions of right. First, from an outward standpoint, such as we might suppose a superior being to occupy. Viewed in this manner, much might be, and perhaps has been said to prove that whatever is, is right. But there is, to us, a more practical view of these questions, in which we consider ourselves as actors in the drama of life, and endeavor to judge what actions are right and what wrong for us to pursue. If we take a survey of animated nature as a whole, unprejudiced by theories hitherto advanced, a few great truths, or general propositions, are, I think, plainly discerned or easily deduced.

First. Inequality is the rule of Nature; or rather Nature has no rule in her creations. Each species, and each individual in every species, differs from all others in powers, capabilities, &c. The lion and elephant are far superior in power and sagacity to the jackal and the sloth; and man again is far superior to these. And notwithstanding the popular theory of the equality of mankind, all sensible persons admit that there is a great inequality in the present powers and capabilities of the different races of men; as also of the individuals who compose these races. Yet some maintain that this inequality is incidental to the infancy of the human race, and that with the progress of science, art, and true brotherhood, it will gradually disappear. But they forget that these causes of improvement will act with even greater force on those already advanced. Besides, the analogy drawn from the history of other species would lead us to infer the increase, rather than the obliteration of distinctions in the human species. And it seems to me that this inequality in her productions is the instrument by which Nature will ever, as hitherto, cut the knot of the over population of our globe.

Secondly. Superior powers (using the term in its most extended sense) confer superior rights. In widely separated portions of the scale of being, this is readily admitted. No one questions the right of the whale to swallow up bushels of the smaller fry of the ocean at a meal; or the lion to sup on a deer or young buffalo, merely because they have the power and seem fitted so to do. And man is said to have dominion over the lower animals because of his superior nature; in other words, because of his superior power; for where he has not the power, as among the weak natives of India or Caffraria, he has not that dominion. But if it be true in widely separated portions of the scale of being, that superior powers confer superior rights, logic teaches us it should be proportionally true in lesser divisions of that scale. And we find that though mankind seldom admit this fact in theory, yet they almost universally act upon it in practice. When an inferior race conflicts or meets on the same sphere of action with a superior, it either disappears before it, or is enslaved or absorbed by it; as, witness the case of the Indian, the Negro, and our foreign emigration. Government itself would be a force did not a portion of mankind possess superior powers and capacities, thus giving them a right to govern the other portion. And the republican form of government is better than many others, because it places the governing power where the real power is very likely to be, viz: in the majority. And the unequal division of property points in the same direction. Some men have a superior capacity for acquiring property; hence they have a superior right in it awarded them. Thus, the universal consent of mankind, given through their deeds, which are more cogent than words, conjoins with the analogy drawn from our control of the lower animals in proving this point, which, with reference to mankind, may be thus stated: Men possessing superior powers and capacities have a right, to a greater or less degree, of control over those less fortunate in that respect.

But it may be asked who is to be the judge of the superior powers? To this it is answered, that if the lower do not instinctively yield to the higher, the ultimate test is a conflict between the two. And God has so ordained the constitution of things, that the results of such conflicts are mainly in favor of the superior party—a truth proved not only by history, but by the simple fact that, amid an almost uninterrupted succession of conflicts, the human race has advanced. Again, it may be said that the above mode of argument would sustain slavery, land-monopoly, tyranny, and much other injustice. And this brings me to the third point or proposition.

This control should be so exercised, that the balance or aggregate of benefits shall be the greatest possible. Drawing our illustrations as before, from the lower animals, we find that God has so guarded the rights of his creatures that they cannot needlessly be taken with impunity. The little birds, so wantonly destroyed, have their revenge in the worms that destroy our corn. And the meanest worm that grovels in the dust has rights that the highest intellect is bound to respect. On the other hand, it is equally plain that when compensating benefits may be derived from their destruction, as in the case of the lion or tiger, it is perfectly allowable. Our treatment of the horse is a good example, or should be, of the above proposition. And let me add, in this connection, that the world will yet return thanks to Mr. Rarey, for one of the best exhibitions of true government, viz: overwhelming power, joined to unfeigned kindness and an appeal to the highest motives of which the general are capable. When we apply this proposition to man, we find that here also, when we take the life or liberty of our fellow-creatures without compensating benefits resulting therefrom, evil ensues; when such benefits are derived therefrom, good results. Thus in the case of Negro slavery, the masters have a false idea of benefit to themselves, and no thought of benefit to the slaves. Hence the wrong. On the other hand, when we take the life or liberty of criminals, or of the opposers of good government or the upholders of bad, good may result. Again, it is plain that the superior control of property, given to superior powers in its acquisition, while productive of much good as a stimulus to exertion, is in many cases an evil. The test is as above. When the balance of benefits (obtained by deducting the evil caused from the good) is the greatest possible, then is that control the best possible, or perfectly right.

If our reasoning has been correct, if the inequality of mankind is the foundation of human control, and if this inequality is almost infinitely varied, then it is plain that no rule can be laid down as to the manner or degree of that control; but each case must be judged by the circumstances of that case.

With some of our domestic animals, the mildest means will insure their obedience, while steel or the iron chain will only keep the lion or tiger in subjection. In some cases of human affairs, the mild teachings of Jesus are all-sufficient; while in others, the bayonet and bullet must be applied before the former can touch the question. In some cases deceit or lying will be needed; in others not. The means are always justified by the end, when the injury inflicted by the means is less than the good obtained by the end. The perfect right in the case is to use the best possible means. But it is objected that in such conflicts might sometimes overpowers right. It might be answered that this is also sometimes the case in our contests with the lower animals, yet the human race are not therefore exempted from such contests.

But let us inquire more fully into this objection. There are two cases in which such an event might occur. First, when the superior in power and capacity inflicts the wrong on the inferior. For this there seems no remedy except that punishment which is sure, sooner or later, to be meted out, by the wronged or otherwise, to the evil doers, and which is merely the natural sequence of their acts. The second case is that in which the inferior in general capacity, by superior numbers or physical strength, overpowers the superior.



duty of the educator is to learn the natural wants and needs of the child. Such wants should be supplied. The food should be suitable and adapted to the wants.

A few general principles should always be adhered to. First: The mind of the child should never be overtasked or overfed; the supply should not be greater than the mind craves. Second: A healthy action of the mind should be created by attractive and congenial influences. Third: An impulse should not be irritated which one desires to restrain, but others should be called into exercise so as to change the motive power. Fourth: Nothing is gained by scolding and fretting. Fifth: When called upon to decide questions for children, it should be done firmly and with a good reason. Sixth: Rules for children should be exhibited to them as founded in Nature. That government is best which appears to govern the least. Seventh: A child has no organ made to be whipped or struck. Whipping is a relic of barbarism. Eighth: Overcoming apparent evil with positive good, should always take the place of vindictive principles, such as an eye for an eye, a blow for a blow, and wrong for wrong. E. C. SOLSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Herald of Progress.

**Detractors.**

Oh, save us from detractors! I have no desire to make a new litany, or amend old ones; still I pray, save us from detractors!

Have you ever had a nice little garden, full of choice flowers and aromatic shrubs, many of them given you by dear friends, and when you have stimulated and watched their growth through all its stages, until it culminated in perfect beauty, found somebody's pig rooting them up, trampling them down, and making general devastation among them? Then you may have a slight comprehension of what I suffer from detractors. Only a slight comprehension, for there is only a slight comparison between material and affectional treasures. And piggy can be driven out, but the foul-tongued detractor is not to be so summarily disposed of.

Often the more you try to silence him, the more he will make you suffer. You defend your friend or favorite with spirit, and are recompensed with a new budget of Grundyisms—of all isms the most detestable.

You may try to evade it, and change the topic; never hope to escape so. And if you have no cotton handy to slyly put in your ears, may good angels come to your assistance. C. N. KENTON.

**The Teachings of Nature.**

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

For the Herald of Progress.

**Things as they Are.**

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

ITEM FOUR.

**THE ANTIDOTE FOR BIBLIOLATRY.**

"The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."—GEORGE STEARNS.

I have read several discourses of the world's preacher at Peterboro, in which the Bible is eulogized as the best of books; but I have not been able to learn from any context of his hackneyed saying, to what end he would employ the canonical Scriptures of ancient and unknown authorship; and nothing else. He tells us in one instance that "The religion of the Bible is the true religion. Men need no other, and they need the whole of it." And in another paragraph of the same discourse he says, with equal assurance, that "The religion of Nature is alone the true religion. Nature, then, is what we must study in order to know the true religion." Here is an apparent discrepancy, but perhaps only apparent. That the end for which he would employ the Bible exclusively is not that of inculcating religion, is inferable from the latter quotation. And while this inference is not quite incompatible with the former assertion of his (since that only affirms that the Bible maintains the true religion, without denying that it also commends a vast amount of irreligious matter,) it is fully sustained by his later discourse on "The Religion of Reason," which opens with the following very rational statement:

"Is it necessary that we should recognize as authority the Church, the sacred book, the sacred tradition—all or any of them? It is held to be, because they teach religion. I admit that they teach it, for they enjoin the principle of just dealing toward God and man. In all of them there are more or less obscurities and contradictions of the principle. But (great honor to the history of men!) they all enjoin it."

Nevertheless, these are not to be recognized as authoritative sources of religious knowledge. Were they indispensable to the understanding of religion, there might be a plausible plea for their authoritative status. But they are not. Religion, as Jesus explains it, is simply doing as you would be done by; or, as Confucius, who lived five or six hundred years before him, phrases it: "Never to do to others what you do not wish them to do to you." The Koran apprehends it when it says: "One hour of equity is better than seventy years of devotion." Religion, being but justice, is a principle native to the human breast. Man need not go away from himself to learn what it is. In other words, religion is natural, and the more natural we are, the more religious we are. It is natural in respect to human nature. It is natural in respect to all Nature. For all Nature—and this includes all Providence—is full of the proofs and inculcations of religion. All things as God made them testify for religion.

"Religion, then, being so patent, so intelligible, so simple, we are not compelled to take it upon authority. And if not, we must not. For the evil of leaning upon authority is to be avoided wherever it can. Where we can learn a thing for ourselves, we must do so for the sake of safety, and for the healthful and expanding exercise of our powers."

"Were it, however, necessary to take religion upon authority, there is an especial and strong reason against taking it on the authority of the Church, the book, or the tradition. This reason is found, first, in the fact that they abound in much else than religion; much else that is foreign, and much else that is repugnant to religion. \* \* \* And this reason is found, secondly, in the fact that we are required to receive these errors as well as the truths with which they are associated. These errors would be nearly or quite harmless, were they not clothed with authority. But, unhappily, they are held to be under the same stamp of authority as are the truths. As undoubted by us, and as sacred in our regard, must be the story of Jonah and the whale, as the Sermon on the Mount; and the like parallel must be allowed to obtain between the command to slaughter the innocent 'little ones of every city,' and the command to love God and man. Reverend doctors and right reverend bishops would be as quickly deposed for rejecting the fish story as the sermon."

It seems impossible that the author of the foregoing piece of rationalism should regard any compilation of sacred writings, especially that anonymous jumble of truth and falsehood, sense and nonsense, good and bad advice, which priestcraft has foisted upon Christian credulity as "the Word of God," as a needful means of inculcating religion. Yet, with all his denunciations of antiquated authorities and commendations of the book of Nature as the only fountain of truth, interrupted as they are by occasional declarations of "the matchless wisdom, beauty, eloquence, and sublimity of the Bible," and for his constant proclivity to the style of an old Biblist in extolling without specifying the excellent characteristics of Holy Writ, "its precious sentiments, its pure and profound philosophy, its sublime moralities, its commandments exceeding broad," which many of its writers and speakers were inspired to utter with a more impressive and soul-reaching eloquence than belongs to any other inspirations—I regret to say that GEORGE STEARNS is too ambiguous to inform me what is the express use to which he would apply "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." But I take the liberty to guess; though, since I may fail to represent the special thought of one whose character I greatly respect, I request the reader to regard what I am going to write as a more likely expression of my own thought.

I shall not deny that I belong to that class of free-thinkers who are said to throw away the Bible; some of whom perhaps do, but for myself I have ever repelled the charge. To be sure, I regard all scriptures as essentially human, and have as little reverence for the Old and New Testaments as for many other books. But this I may say without slighting the sacred volume; for I am familiar with many records of secular inspiration which are worthy of all acceptance by the seekers of Truth and Right. Indeed, of all the works of mankind, comparatively few are useless; and this observation inclines me to presume that all sacred books, prepared as they have been with great religious ardor, are yet to establish their claim to a signal use—are fitted to serve some more normal purpose than the cornerstones of Sectarianism.

In estimating the value of the Bible, or in judging of its influence on its votaries, I do not fall into the error of those who condemn rum and tobacco because of their apparent hurtfulness, which itself proceeds from their abuse. I am aware that nothing in Nature is hurtful to such as let it alone, or worthless to such as know how to use it; that every creature of God is good in its place, and ought not to be charged with the evils of its misapplication by ignorance. And though the Bible is a thing of human construction, they who recognize a Super-human Intelligence as the guardian of human interests, are ready to presume with me, that this book, as well as all other doings of finite beings, will be overruled in time to an instrumentality of the world's progress.

Here let us distinguish between the end for which the Bible was ecclesiastically designed, and the ground upon which it has been subsequently accepted by the Church. There can be no reasonable doubt that Priestcraft meant his work for a weapon of sacerdotal domination. But of course his minions took care to keep this sinister purpose as secret as possible. To succeed in this imposing upon a large portion of mankind, even in the times of profound ignorance and superstition, it was necessary to pretend the more gracious object of catering to the spiritual wants of the worshiping people, by putting into their hands a Revelation of God and Human Destiny—an Infallible Teacher of Religion—the Chart of Salvation. This is what every honest member of the Church from first to last has believed the Bible to be; and the success of Priestcraft is wholly due to the fact that, for about fifteen hundred years, this pretended use of the book has been vulgarly mistaken for the real end for which, as prelatial authority falsifies, God made it.

But how came all Christendom to believe this unreasonable allegation—this abominable lie of Priestcraft? Was it with any proper exercise of their own judgment, and with any considerable evidence in the premises? No; the character of the Bible has been accepted on the same word of authority as the priestly simulation of its Divine origin. The dogma was first announced by Constantine, the political head of the Church, and enforced to a

tacit assent of the people by penal terrors of unbelief. Then it was credited verbally for love of popularity. At length it began to be cherished mentally, through the insinuating force of habit, till finally it became a traditional precept and a tenet of involuntary prejudice. It has never been rationally believed, or accepted upon fundamental data. For over a thousand years none of the laity was permitted to read the Scriptures; none but the clergy, who, as a body, were interested in maintaining the episcopal fraud. In fact, the Bible was primarily a sealed book to the people at large, by virtue of their illiterateness, not one in a thousand being able to read; while the sacred rolls of parchment were so costly that only the very wealthy could procure them.

But since the termination of the dark ages; since the middle of the fifteenth century, when the art of printing was invented, whereby books were multiplied and the people taught to read; in later times when the chicanery of Priestcraft has become fully exposed, and in Protestant countries the Bible is open to all eyes, why do not Christians see the manifest imposture, forsake their own error, and cease to adore as God's book the objectionable compilation of crafty men? The answer is ready. Because Christians have never read the Bible, do not read it, and cannot read it intelligently. Whoever reads the Scriptures understandingly, must reject the notion of their "plenary inspiration." But a Christian cannot so read what he presumes to be God's own language, until the shackles of his faith are somewhat loosened, and the prestige of Divine Authority is neutralized by doubt.

When a believer takes up the Bible, an awful sense of its holiness fills his mind, which subdues the rational faculties and excites only worshipful emotions. He does not peruse its sacred pages in the spirit of inquiry, but for devotion's sake. If, in reading an incredible passage, faith begins to falter, he quickly cries within his trembling soul, "Lord! I believe; help thou mine unbelief." For doubt to an implicit believer is the spirit-manifestation of the Devil. Yet, nevertheless, doubt is the precursor of rational inquiry and the beginning of intelligence. To resist the devil, therefore, as Christians are bound to do by suppressing doubt, is to pray for ignorance and hug fatuity. It is for this reason that Biblists know very little of the imperfections of the Bible; less than any other class. For the same reason all Christians believe much less than they are supposed to believe. Indeed, we make quite too much account of their belief, when we forget that, in its application to mysteries and absurdities, it is purely devotional; that is, without any intellectual qualification. For the human mind cannot accept for truth what it consciously ignores to be true or conceives to be false. Yet the Bible contains a great deal of incredible matter, concerning which, Christians believe only with the heart, not at all with the head; and this is the rationale of all belief without evidence.

I have no hesitation in saying that to read the Bible intelligently, and in earnest to know what and all it teaches, is all that is wanted to cure any one of bibliolatriy. This opinion was verified in my own experience between fifteen and twenty years ago. Though born and bred a Biblist, I chanced at an early age to stumble on the Bible injunctions to "prove all things" and "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you," &c. To this end, having in due time consulted Paley, Butler, Lowth, Pridaux, Leander, Mosheim, and various other expositors of ecclesiastical assurance, without finding the wherewithal for this readiness, I began to study the Bible itself with a more rational inquisitiveness than ever, intent on developing the eternal evidence of its Divine authenticity, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, and every text with the teachings of Nature. But after devoting some two or three years to this Berean task, great indeed was my astonishment to find myself an automatic Rationalist, aspersed as an "infidel" among all my religious associates, who charged me with having indoctrinated myself with "the Age of Reason" and "the Devil's Pulpit" before I had read any anti-Christian book whatever, except "Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity;" and that misnamed prodigy of presumptuousness in the nick of confusion preceding my head's conversion, when I sought a remedy for my religious ailment, which, as I have since learned, I had contracted by a too thorough reading of "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

It gives me great pleasure to add to this bit of an autobiography, that the process of rational investigation by which I seemed to be robbed of the Word of God, did not deprive me of my Religion, interrupt my communion with the Father of all, nor nullify any means of knowledge, virtue, and happiness, which I had ever possessed, or it is possible to possess. In fact, the Bible itself was just as good a book after my discovery of its real character as before, and manifold more useful to me. Though not infallible, it was still an acceptable teacher; and in becoming no longer an authority, it retained no power to deceive me. Though in the light of Reason it failed to sustain Christianity, it better than ever revealed the Gospel of Jesus. Nay, more than this, in losing a purported verbal Revelation, I found the real Book of Nature, which teaches all Truth.

Let all Christians follow my example in reading the Bible intelligently, instead of devotionally, and there would soon be an end of faith in its superhuman authority. How to enable them to do this, is a question which reformers should study; for I am persuaded that in no other way can the minds of be-

lievers be reached, so as to shatter the strongholds of bibliolatriy. It is useless to talk to the deaf, and prejudice has no ears. To reason with a Biblist is waste of breath. Orthodoxy is no wiser to day for all the literature of Rationalism. There have been clerical misrepresentations of "the Age of Reason," and pulpit denunciations of its author, enough to make an Alexandrian library, all to prevent the laity from reading a harmless little book which no doubting believer has ever read, wished to read, or *durst* read. No church-nursling knows anything but the names or nick-names of "infidel authors."

Let Christians then be encouraged to read what the defenders of their faith have written, the immediate effect of which will be astonishment for the paucity of evidence, meagerness of argument, and boldness of presumption, which the literature of the Church embodies in behalf of her creed. This will beget a spark of rational doubt as to the reality of biblical inspiration, which will enable the sincere believer to "search the Scriptures" with a spice of mental freedom. This work, once commenced in earnest, the most timid and cautious investigator, for Conscience's sake, will soon be surprised into a conception of the unequal moral and rational, as well as rhetorical significance of the distinct books, chapters, paragraphs, and texts, of which the sacred volume is composed; which conception must be almost coeval with a relevant analysis and classification of its various histories, prophecies, doctrines, and precepts, as being probable and improbable, reasonable and unreasonable, right and wrong. Having graduated thus far, the mind cannot remain long unconscious of an inner standard of Truth and Right, which subordinates all external authorities.

As the chief instrumentality for the important work here indicated, it is plain that we need and cannot do without

**THE BIBLE.**

Let it be no longer said that we throw it away. Let infidels cease to vilify it as the tool of Priestcraft alone. Let reformers everywhere—all who labor and pray for the world's salvation from religious error—all who wish to see the church rationalized, and all the slaves of superstition emancipated—begin to think how the worshiping people may be taught to read instead of adoring a book which is hurtful only through veneration. Let it be borne in mind, henceforth, that this pseudo revelation is the primer of Rationalism to all Christians—the Infidel's own book, and the first available weapon for the iconoclast of Christendom. To do its perfect work, and prove its ultimate utility, we want, indeed,

**THE WHOLE BIBLE.**

We cannot dispense with any of its defects, since these, better than all its appreciable characteristics, serve to betray the very human origin of this fabled book of God. The fragments of truth scattered throughout the sacred volume, such as the sayings of Jesus, some of the teachings of Isaiah, Moses, Solomon, Paul, and others, are just as acceptable to the rationalist as if they stood alone, while the fabulous tales, puerile fancies, contradictions, absurdities, bad counsels, irreligious dogmas, and pitiful exposures of antique ignorance, with which the Scriptures abound, are positively necessary to nullify the faith of inveterate believers in their plenary inspiration. In the light of these reflections it appears that the conservatism of the Church has been useful hitherto in preventing the amendment of Holy Writ to suit the growing wants of human nature. This demand for the Bible, as it is, is yet to become imperious, yet excusable, though including

**NOTHING BUT THE BIBLE.**

Other books are useful to rationally curious and docile minds. But to the Biblist the Bible is the best book, not only in his own estimation, and because he will not read such treatises as he thinks would undermine his belief, but because, in fact, it is the only book which can. A true believer cannot appreciate a rational argument against his creed. He will never read an Infidel book of his own accord; and the whole library of rational discussion might be read to his involuntary hearing without even shaking his faith; for

"A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

But there will be a loud call in the Church for "Nature's Divine Revelations," and teachers of the Harmonial Philosophy, after the Bible has fully operated as the antidote for Bibliolatriy.

For the Herald of Progress.

**Relation of Body and Mind.**

**THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.**

BY J. B. LOOMIS.

"And Beauty's witching sway Is now to me a star that's fallen, a dream that's passed away." [CAMPBELL.]

The writer of a recent article makes this quotation the burden of his lament for the inevitable approach of old age—the wasting away of all that makes life worth living for—the certainty of the advent of gray locks and withered features, those indications, so terrible to many, of stern, unavoidable decay—and the gradual fading out of youth's fresh bloom and buoyancy, with the final closing of life's drama in all that is dark, dreary, and unlovely. Whether the article referred to, and the song of the poet, teach the same philosophy or not, we will not now inquire. But as the feeling that all is passing to a dreary dissolution prevails widely among those of all ages and stations, who might, with other and better sentiments, rest

in a happy, sustaining hope, made evident and abiding by a higher philosophy than that of the chilling past, that there is a Fountain of Eternal Youth, whose waters give us back the golden days as our rightful inheritance—a fountain that is no myth and living only in poesy, but a tangible pool of living waters wherein we all may step and be rejuvenated, when youth's roses more unfolded and all of youth's elasticity and joy, shall return, to fade no more forever. Permit us, therefore, to give what we deem a more clearly defined view of "old age," and a more enlarged idea of Beauty, than that it becomes "a fallen star—a dream that's passed away."

Beauty has more than one phase. The rose-bud is beautiful; when half-opened it is more beautiful, and when fully expanded it is most divine. The magazine of Nature's elements, too, is beautiful; Man, the sum of these elements, is far more beautiful, but his unfolded and beautiful soul is far more divine and incomparably more glorious. No harmonious mind will desire to resume the ungrown state, or what wisdom might term the violently toned or angular phase of childhood, after attaining the noble age of a matured manhood. All phases are proper in their season, and it is we that are at fault if we desire phases to change their seasons, and think, were we young again, we should be so entirely happy.

If "beauty's witching sway" appeal to our external or sensational judgment only, then indeed the "dream may pass away," when changes the phase that we thus judged lasting. If this is all of the Beautiful, then earth's lamentations are right; let the regrets of lost youth and beauty bear us down to the dust; let us mourn and not be comforted, for the Beautiful is only short-lived—a transient thing—an aggravation. But we may yet rejoice; for such is not the reality. Beauty is immortal! The bud but half unfolds here in this life. In the Better Land it blooms and expands to full perfection. It is in those Upper Gardens that the germ we call Beauty is perfected, and never, on this lower plane of being, can we dream even of the glorious reality of its divine unfolding.

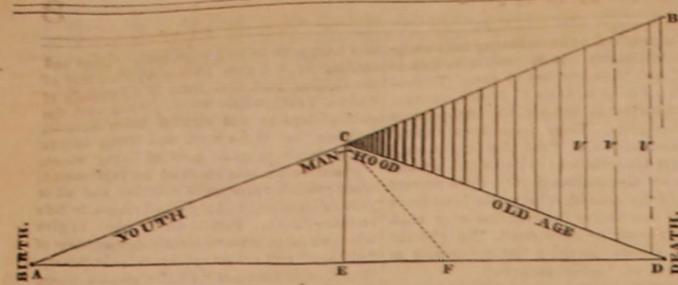
As we approach the Better Life, our attribute of Beauty, and also our love for it, become more and more hidden, more absorbed or retired within the interior being; but never is one ray of this inheritance lost or fallen. The outer or physical man becomes more and more drossy by age, and as the soul goes on absorbing more and more elements from the physical, the dross becomes still more drossy. If our affections for an associate have been guided and nurtured too much by the mere form—one element only of the being—or by our own eye—an organ, too, of the drossy portion—why should we not mourn when old age, the precursor of dissolution, draws on? It is but acting a true consistency. If our affections have been guided and nurtured more by the diviner being of the object, and that, too, through our more interior eye—an organ of the imperishable portion—we can never mourn or be appalled by decrepitude in ourselves or others; for this autumnal fading never touches the imperishable attributes of the spirit.

But what has become of the attribute of Beauty in old age? Is it found in the dross, the ashes, the physical part? Not all of it; for it has been absorbed by the spiritual body, and used as an element of its own more glorious beauty. It has retired within, to clothe about to be liberated and set free to walk paths of such beauty as his mortal eye had never seen nor his imagination ever painted.

After we pass the meridian of life, which is a variable line, this absorption begins, and not only is Beauty absorbed, to grace the spiritual body, but also all the attributes of the physical man: all senses, all forms, all powers, until a mere dross is left. Yet as the physical form goes down the path, the spirit has much experience that cannot be remembered by the impaired outer organs—cannot be manifested through them; neither can the impaired man receive, as formerly, the impressions of outward things; for all his outer faculties are worn, are closing, are being absorbed by preparations within the house to journey along the spiral stairway. Yet the spirit is young, strong, brilliant, buoyant, and daily growing more beautiful, somewhat in proportion as the body loses this attribute. Yea, it is far more brilliant, buoyant, and beautiful, than ever before; but this cannot be manifested through the imperfect and waning organism. Neither can a once delicate watch, that has run till all its mechanism is utterly impaired, report the minutes of time as reliably or faithfully as when its wheels and springs were new.

It is not true, therefore, that if we nurture the affections thoroughly by the outward phase only, rest them solely on the physical form, or physical beauty, that our sorrow can find no consolation when the charm is broken? Let us not be led by such shallow philosophy. Holy Writ is not more true than that Beauty is immortal. But the element of Beauty, when incorporated with the earthy, is only transient. It being a spiritual attribute, it cannot long abide with material things. So let the affections be nurtured rather by that which is undying as the primary object; and be molded less by the outward, which is only fleeting, deeming it only a type of the immortal interior, which alone is worthy to claim our selectest affections; for the unseen is the real and altogether enduring.

While reflecting not long since on the nature of man, his youth, manhood, and old age, the following diagram, like very distinct geometric lines, appeared to be clearly projected for some time on the wall of my room. It may serve to illustrate the preceding observations:



**EXPLANATION.**—A B is a section of the infinite line of the spirit's progression. A C is that section of the line where body and spirit act in unison, and are fully manifested. C B—line of the spirit's undeviating progress and interior experience, seldom manifested in or its outer life, for the worn instrument cannot report, nor the outer memory recall, this interior experience, which is initiatory to the life in the Better Land. C is the beginning of the process called "Death," or the point where the body diverges from the spirit. C D is the body's descent from its full "prime" through the phase of "old age," to mingle with its first elements, A D. It is the body, not the spirit, that deviates from the life line, or the spirit's line of progress, where, from C to B, it is continually absorbing beauty, form, strength, etc., v v v, with all the physical attributes of the body (and this absorption causes the decrepitude of old age) until the physical man arrives at D, when the soul is as mature as its connection with the body can possibly effect. C D is that line of the body's declension which the skeptical, sensuous observer watches with dread, and recoils from—the state of decrepitude, decay, and failure of body, and spirit also—for the skeptical philosophy makes no distinction. But the principle of beauty, youthfulness, power, etc., has ascended from the worn instrument to the line C B, for safety to the heir—the real individual—which it clothes with more perfection and glory than ever was its own inheritance in the "lost youth"—the age of bloom we so much deplore. The lines v v v do not represent a greater absorption of attributes, &c., at the point of divergence at C, but their nearness indicates a more close and a stronger relationship between the body here, than farther on, where the relation gradually wanes away, until the longer lines are often broken, indicating temporary absence of the spirit, which often occurs in old age. The length of the line C E is the measure of individual growth by earth experience—the point of the mind's conscious strength, the altitude of its manhood or perfection. It is the "meridian of life." The lines A C D represent the visible lifetime of a harmonious man, but accident or irregularity will often shorten from C to F, snapping the thousand harpstrings, v v v, that might have filled a fine old age with strains of life-drawn harmony.

Thus it is seen that the body cannot possibly accompany the spirit far on its pilgrimage. The divine and impersonal attributes cannot long sojourn with that which is wearing, temporary, and perishable. Although these divine qualities lent a glory for a time to the outer being, all are gradually withdrawn, to aid in beautifying, with more than youth's vernal beauty, the same individual, now beyond the touch of age, for the dew from the fountain of youth has fallen like light upon his fadeless brow.

The old man whom we saw driving in his dotage, has not, as is often said, lost his judgment, his reason, his energy, his wisdom, his knowledge, his memory, his power; he retains them all in full vigor, but they have retired within to the inner man, and nearly nine-tenths of him exist in the Inner Life. The one-tenth expresses the dress-like body and that little vitality which moves it. This extremely old man may be outwardly unlovely, yet let us learn forbearance and be gentle; for he is not quite released, and this fraction is not the real man. His spirit is not old or repulsive; it is far more energetic, more sunny, more lovely, than it was in the days of his youth, and the soul a thousandfold more beautiful and symmetrical than was ever the external man in his palmist days.

Does this view of age and youth's restoration make us less kindly disposed toward the aged and infirm than the colder one of the past? It certainly shows them to us in a better, a higher, a more lovely light than that of a man, a friend, in ruins. It leads us to contemplate man in the light of *MAN INDIVISIBLE*, though his exterior be but dress—"the residue of the spirit;" and when the worn-out instrument is forever laid away, the being with all its energies resumed, its attributes reorganized, walks forth released, rejuvenated in more than his meridian glory, its garments and its staff laid by, its toils, and cares, and woes removed, and with a step elastic as in life's morning, it drinks at a purer than the Castalian Spring of old, and knows disease no more forever.

**A PERSIAN FABLE.**—A Persian had a pet parrot, and previous to going to India, he asked Poll what present he should bring her. "No present," said the parrot: "only when you see my brothers dancing on the green-sward, tell them how I pine in a little prison." The merchant journeyed and delivered the message, and a parrot immediately fell dead from a tree. The merchant returned, and immediately told his parrot, who fell dead from his perch on hearing the news. The merchant, with tears, picked up the body and cast it out, when to his surprise, the parrot revived, and flew to a tree, singing—"The Indian parrot taught me to die to be free. One day, O master, thou shalt so gain thy freedom!"

**Poetry.**  
"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

**THE ANGEL OF THE SOUL.**  
BY BELLE BUSH.

"Without faith ye can do nothing."

When storms are bursting o'er my head,  
Or winds blow wild and chill,  
A voice within me sweetly sings:  
"It is the Father's will."

When darkness gathers o'er my way,  
And fears my bosom fill,  
I hear a voice that calmly says:  
"His hand will guide thee still."

When, one by one, kind friends depart,  
Or fade the flowers of love,  
There's something soothes my grief away,  
And lifts my thoughts above;

And hope, the skylark of the soul,  
Aloft still soars and sings,  
And upward glancing through the clouds  
I see her shining wings.

And then I dream a blissful dream,  
And greet a vision fair—  
A home with many mansions bright,  
And my lost treasures there.

When others pass me coldly by,  
Or shun my humble door,  
A voice within me sweetly says:  
"The Prince of Peace was poor."

When grieving o'er the ills of life,  
The world's neglect and scorn,  
It says: "Oh! heart, be brave and strong,  
Night comes, and then the morn!"

When Wrong puts on a haughty mien,  
And triumphs o'er the Right,  
It meekly says: "In God's own time  
The truth will find the light."

When fortune frowns, and grief and care  
Their shadows round me throw,  
It sings: "Thy shade and sunshine both  
That make our spirits grow."

When envious foes around me press,  
And show their rancid dislike,  
It sweetly sings: "There's One above  
Who loves us all alike."

And then in pitying tones it tells  
How all have erred who live,  
And when I hate, it chiding sings:  
"Tis better to forgive."

Thus every trial, every fear  
Or grief that haunts my breast,  
By some consoling voice is met,  
And quickly soothed to rest.

I never knew an hour so dark,  
So desolate, and drear,  
As not to have one pleasant thought  
Thus whispered in my ear.

My outward life is one of toil,  
Yet often, all day long,  
My heart in Nature's anthem joins,  
And worships God in song.

Oh! may I ever hear that voice,  
And feel its high control,  
For well I know 'tis FAITH that sings—  
The Angel of the Soul!

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE,  
NORRISTOWN, PA.

**A VOICE FOR FREEDOM.**  
BY R. C. CRANE.

Above the tempest of the light  
The starry banner proudly waves,  
And thousands, battling 'neath its light,  
Are marching to their crimson graves.  
Fierce carnage reaps his harvest now;  
Earth drinks the vintage that he brings,  
And on the fallen soldier's brow,  
Death casts the shadow of his wings.

O God! and shall it flow in vain—  
The pure blood of the brave and free?  
Gilding Oppression's horrid chain,  
An offering poured to Slavery!  
Before the War-god's chariot-wheels,  
With lifted hands and dusky face,  
In solemn prayer old Afric kneels  
For justice to her suffering race.

Strike! then, ye children of the Free,  
Strike through their fetters and their tears,  
Till Slavery yields in agony  
The death-shriek of a hundred years.  
The day that tries the soul returns,  
On, on, in holy Freedom's name,  
As when the withered prairie burns—  
A whirlwind wrapt in livid flame.

O Liberty! from spheres afar  
I hear thy victor-shouts sublime;  
Thou beautiful, with many a scar!  
Thou warrior-battered through all time!  
Triumphant in the days gone by,  
O'er reeking blocks and martyr-fires,  
First-born of God! thou canst not die  
Till Deity himself expires!

HARTFORD, Dec. 8, 1861.

Practise flows from principle; for as a man thinks so he will act.

**HERALD OF PROGRESS.**

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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READ "THINGS AS THEY ARE," and "Relation of Body and Mind," in this week's issue.

"WATER WITCHERY," on our first page, has crowded out a goodly number of "Whispers" and "Answers to Correspondents."

WILLIAM DENOVAN'S able treatment of the "Great Problems," in this number, is worth every reader's thoughtful consideration.

It is gratifying to be able to announce that we enter upon the New Year with new writers in the Editorial Staff, and with a constantly increasing list of new subscribers to our HERALD OF PROGRESS.

WE ask attention to the important suggestions of Friend Wadsworth, on page second. It is certainly time to take some steps toward giving a financial backbone to the great body of Spiritual reformers throughout the country.

**The Popular Struggle.**

The struggle now going on is, to a great extent, between the authority of individual thought and political institutions. Each is evidently in antagonism at the present time, and the one or the other must surrender. It is quite evident that political institutions must change to something more in harmony with the spirit of men's thoughts, or that they must yield entirely to the progressive march of the race. The feeling is general that there is rottenness and uselessness in those institutions which endeavor to control the public mind, and that unless something more valuable is presented for the guidance of human action than is usually relied upon, these institutions and constitutions must give way. Never was human nature more enlightened than it is now, and there is reason to believe that the progress of thought will be so rapid and so important, that men will not be able to subject their neighbors to any of those ancient ideas, which so long have enthralled the race. Scarcely a village in the land is without its little band of brave thinkers and active workers, intent upon elevating their condition. At the East, the good work is going on, while at the West, the number of minds highly illuminated and advanced, give hopes of a great future for the people. These minds are in action. They are self-appointed ministers of good, untiring in purpose, moving on in the work of human reform. They are teaching man his duty—opening to him views of his powers and capacities—and urging him to stand forth in the dignity of his nature, untrammelled by the dogmas and opinions of past ages, and pointing him to the means of obtaining freedom from those vices which keep the physical and mental nature in subjection. The reform which is counseled, is that appertaining to the individual. With a basis grounded on self-improvement, the best results for the race are looked for, and it is gratifying to the philanthropist to know that the efforts of those original thinkers are having a wide-spread influence throughout the country.

**What We Believe.**

We believe that the present day is too pregnant with both good and evil to be spent in military movements and official operations to gratify political favorites or personal ambition. And we hold that great men in power will soon fall into universal contempt unless they at once arise in moral majesty, and, as one man, grapple bravely with the mighty enemies of the American people.

We believe that this great people will not shrink from their great function—namely, to establish the reign of Freedom throughout this part of the earth. And we hold that our present trials are a just and legitimate punishment for long years of political corruption, as growing out of our voluntary complicity with the evil system of Slavery, and that we should atone for these national sins by giving freely of both men and money to the cause of universal Progress and Liberty.

We believe that, inasmuch as a few thousand of slaveholders have inaugurated an unjustifiable armed resistance to the peaceful Progress and constitutional Freedom of many millions, it is right, both politically and spiritually, that such men should be compelled to experience the terrible responsibility of a war for selfish and subversive ends, against the combined interests and welfare of millions of loyal, peaceful, and industrious citizens.

We believe that, as a just and magnanimous

punishment (which is calculated not to destroy, but to subdue and reform, all whom it embraces) there should be a speedy reduction, and consequent political degradation, of every disloyal State, to the original condition of province or territory.

We believe that as soon as this struggle for constitutional and unlimited freedom is terminated—which may be signalized by the eternal overthrow of the power of the slave oligarchy, and by the reduction of all the rebellious States to the condition of territories or conquered provinces—the general Government should throw open all such territories and provinces to all the people of the loyal States and existing Territories, giving full privileges and equitable opportunities for the introduction of free labor, free schools, free speech, and freedom, to all the inhabitants thereof—regardless of sex, age, race, situation, religious or political convictions.

We believe that, amid the war tempests and sweeping tornadoes of State, the crisis is approaching; that a new birth is at hand; that the new dispensation is coming like a rolling flood, bearing on its muscular waves the ruins of the temples of Slavery.

We believe that old creeds, old systems, old despotisms, old doctrines of man and conceptions of God, are rapidly crumbling, one after the other, into chaos. Men and Nations may remain dumb and blind to their own interests, and temporarily false to the rights of enslaved and weeping Humanity. But the sun of wisdom is rising, and even blinded eyes shall soon see that Constitutions, Institutions, and Theories, are valuable only just so far as they subserve the common welfare and feed the progressive life of the whole family of man.

**Progress and Christianity.**

An infidel correspondent of that journal, [the HERALD OF PROGRESS,] in bringing forward objections against Christianity, charges it with teaching the doctrine of a local hell, a personal devil, and the endless misery of the wicked—not one of which tenets can be found sustained in the Scriptures, when interpreted in a candid and enlightened manner. \* \* \*

This infidel quotes Dr. Hall, a divine of the last century, and a believer in a personal devil, to prove that the Bible teaches such an absurdity, that he may thus bring that book into discredit in the estimation of sensible people. \* \* \*

The infidel, in the extract we have quoted above, comes to the sage conclusion, "that if there is no devil, and no hell, there can be no Savior—nothing from which to be saved." \* \* \*

And yet this infidel catches up and reiterates the stupid cry of ignorant theologians—if there is no devil and no hell, there can be no need of a Savior, and there can be nothing to be saved from!

We have often queried why a skeptic who has any interest in the welfare of mankind should oppose the progress of Christianity. It is the great civilizer of the world—the vital force which is elevating the nations in knowledge and virtue, and leading them to all that purifies and ennobles man. To its genial and enlightening power alone is to be attributed all the superiority which distinguishes Christendom from the Pagan world. Is it not a mark of amazing stupidity that men should object to and denounce that which has conferred upon them the very privilege and power of objecting? Had it not been for Christianity, this writer in the HERALD OF PROGRESS would have been a Pagan to-day, living under a despotic tyranny which would have deprived him of the right to express his convictions; indeed, he would have been involved in a darkness and ignorance incapacitating him for even the mental exercise of conceiving his objections. The HERALD OF PROGRESS! Where Christianity does not exist, progress is unknown. Were the blessings, the advantages, the privileges, which have been conferred upon us by the Gospel of Christ, to be suddenly withdrawn, the HERALD OF PROGRESS would be crushed in a single day, and its voice forever silenced. What must be thought of the wisdom of prostituting the liberty to progress, the liberty to publish HERALDS OF PROGRESS, to a work so suicidal! The farmer who cut down his fruit trees for fuel, instead of going to his forest, and he who killed the goose which laid the golden egg, were Solomons in wisdom in comparison with those who would exercise their freedom in destroying that which bestows it upon them.

Freedom of conscience and freedom of the press are the legitimate fruits of Christianity. Outside of Christendom they are unknown, and will never exist, until heathen governments become Christianized. And yet this infidel writer is laboring to overthrow and destroy the Christianity which blesses him with his highest and most cherished privileges. \* \* \*

Christian Ambassador.

We are glad to see "this infidel" taken to task. He evidently labors under the delusion that the common belief of the immense majority of Christians, and the common practice of nearly all Christian Churches, is to be taken as an exponent of what Christianity is, rather than the special interpretation put upon the New Testament by some obscure sect. And thus it was that he came to quote Dr. Hall as a fair illustration of the fact that faith in a personal devil is an integral part of Christianity. Had he known that Christianity is not to be judged by what the majority of its adherents believe it to be, nor by its patent and obvious dogmas and fruits, as exhibited in the practice of the major part of the Christian Church since its foundation, but by the special sense which a small minority of Christians put upon their sacred writings, he could not have committed so great a blunder. He was not at liberty to infer the character of Christianity from what it does, and from the conduct of its professors, but from what it ought to be, and from what those professors ought to practice. Christianity is not to be judged by its fruits, but by its germs and buds, as contained in the Gospels. If one looks to the fruits only, he will find that contemptuous reproach for erroneous opinions has been an integral element of Christianity from the begin-

ning. BELIEVE OR BE DAMNED, is a part of the teaching of the canonical books, and it is a very essential part of the practice of all the sects spawned by the Church for centuries. Is it unchristian, for example, to stigmatize a human brother as "infidel"—to use that term as a reproach, and to insinuate contempt and aversion for one so unfortunate as to have rejected the popular religion? Certainly not; Paul speaks of certain characters as being worse than "infidels," and by the majority of the Churches it is still employed as the synonym of all that is contemptible and mean in human character. The implication is, that if "infidelity" does not involve damnation in the next life, it ought to carry with it damnation in this. It is with a very peculiarunction of piety and Christian charity, with a most delicious zest, that all varieties of saints use the words, "this infidel." It is a part of the universally received Christianity thus to treat unbelievers; we think the spirit of it occasionally breaks forth in the Gospels and Epistles, though we by no means claim that it is the pervading spirit of those documents.

It is of no use to retort that "infidels" are equally malignant and bitter toward "Christians." Being already damned by nature and by "grace," as held forth in the Gospel, how could they be other than malignant and spiteful? Besides, they have none but "Christians" to show them how to behave, and the only lesson they could learn from that source is, that they are poor miserable "infidels." If the "infidel" is mistaken in his notion that Christianity teaches a future hell and an omnipresent devil, he cannot be mistaken that most of its adherents would like to roast him in the next world, and themselves play the devil with him here, and that simply because he clings to a doctrinal error. Now, as we belong to that unhappy class ourselves, that is, as we reject the accepted technical Christianity—not, be it understood, some immaculate Christianity that can be dug out of the Gospel with a diligent use of Schleusner's Lexicon, and some cart-loads of liberal commentators—we would like to propound a question to whomever it may concern: If Christianity does not justify contemptuous reproach for opinion's sake, how long will it be, before that fact will be generally known, provided whole classes of persons are habitually stigmatized as "infidels," by all denominations of the Christian Church? This is a problem in the rule of spiritual proportion, which the "lights of the world," the residents of the "city set on a hill," can meditate at their leisure. We have our own solution, but we do not wish to present it.

The reason why skeptics oppose the progress of the accepted Christianity—the actual thing as it stands in the world, not the spotless thing that some one can find in the Gospels, with the aid of a Greek Lexicon, and profound reflections on *aion* and *aiomios*—is because it has always been attended with the very slight blemish of bitter persecution for opinion's sake. From the days when the streets of Constantinople ran red with the blood of saints contending for the purity of the faith, to the time when witches were hung in Puritan Boston, because the Bible teaches us not to suffer a witch to live, or to a still later date, when Spiritualists have been expelled from church communion for believing that their deceased friends actually exist, the holy Gospel has been sadly mixed with elements that were other than holy—among which was always prominent, hatred of persons because of opinions. Still earlier than the street fights of Byzantium, we defect the same spirit in the accepted Christianity. "If any man," says Paul, "love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed," says the beloved disciple.

If the accepted Christianity has been the great civilizer of the world, it cannot be denied that it has become greatly civilized itself in the process. During the Dark Ages, which continued a thousand years, it ruled with unbroken supremacy from the Danube to Ireland, and it carried on civilization then by the cord, the rack, and the stake. It perpetuated heathen books without studying them, and enforced a barbarous theology at the expense of all progress in science during that entire period, with the Bible in its exclusive possession. When the Crusades let in a little light from the East, and the downfall of the Eastern Roman Empire let in a little more, and after Greek professors had fled from Constantinople to Italy, and opened the fountains of Pagan learning, then all Europe with its Christianity grew enlightened. The very first consequence of this revival of learning was—a split in the Church, and Christianity has been improving ever since. In two centuries more, it will be so much improved, it will have made so much progress, that the churches will have quit the field, and Christianity will cease to regard itself as anything more than a minute rill in the grand stream of human progress, a current which never had the power to keep itself from being a sort of sewer for a great deal of filth, while being a "river of salvation." A current that bears on its surface, in loving embrace, racks, gibbets, and inquisitions, should not boast itself overmuch of the Bibles that have floated down along with all those admirable means of improvement.

To its genial and enlightening power alone is to be attributed all the superiority which distinguishes Christendom from the Pagan world," says the Ambassador. For example, the fifty thousand human beings burnt

in Spain by the Christian church, during the two centuries subsequent to the establishment of the Inquisition, have had a highly illuminating effect, and have distinguished Christianity above Paganism with a light palpable even to the senses. Still it is a light by which such a benighted soul as Plato would not greatly love to read the Westminster Catechism.

"Had it not been for Christianity, this writer in the HERALD OF PROGRESS would have been a Pagan to-day, living under a despotic tyranny which would have deprived him of the right to express his convictions, indeed, he would have been involved in a darkness and ignorance incapacitating him for even the mental exercise of conceiving his objections."

And if it had not been for the existence of the geological epoch of the Ichthyosauri, and of loads twenty feet high, he would probably never have drawn breath in the age of human beings: still that would be no argument for continuing such monstrous hazards and such uncomely toads into the human ages. But suppose he had been born under the shadow of St. Peter's, under the ministrations of the Vicar of Christ himself, in the communion of the oldest and most widely extended of all Christian churches—what then would have been his opportunities to express his convictions? what kind of illumination would then have sharpened his mental faculties? Which were better, to be a tolerably decent Pagan Brahmin on the banks of the Ganges, or a filthy and stupid beggar at the gates of the Vatican, with the privilege of kissing, once a year, the holy toe of the Pope? If actual Christianity (not ideal) is the source of all modern illumination and social prosperity, how comes it that its oldest seat radiates nothing but darkness, and dispenses only the chill damps of despotism and benumbing despair? How can it be possible that the branches should bear golden fruitage, when its root is the stock of the deadly nightshade?

"Where Christianity does not exist, progress is unknown." So, too, where Christianity does exist, progress is unknown. Countless ages of steady progress, "unhasting yet un-resting," marked the physical development of the globe before man came upon it. Was the law of progress, in everything good in the human world, suspended after man's advent, till the dawn of the Jewish Reformation, called the advent of Christ? Is progress everywhere else the natural rule, but in the human world merely the effect of supernatural interventions? So it seems, according to the standard of the Ambassador.

"Were the blessings, the advantages, the privileges, which have been conferred upon us by the Gospel of Christ, to be suddenly withdrawn, the HERALD OF PROGRESS would be crushed in a single day, and its voice forever silenced." It would be crushed with all the blessings, and advantages, and privileges, bestowed by the Gospel of Christ, if the civil arm did not restrain the bigotry of our Christian brethren. The blessings of the Gospel of Christ—the current article known by that name—are generally blessings, "over the left," to journals that advocate freedom of thought.

"Freedom of conscience and freedom of the press are the legitimate fruits of Christianity." For illustrations, look to Spain, Italy, Austria, and Russia. As these countries have been longer Christian than any others in Christendom, we ought certainly to find in them "the legitimate fruits" in superabundant measure. Do we?

"But it is not actual Christianity to which we attribute the progress of society, but that of the New Testament."

Oh! well, with that sort of Christianity, which as we said can be dug out of the New Testament by a laborious perversion of its obvious sense, which can be read into it by an advancing humanity, and which can be got into universal acceptance when all the distinctive Christian sects shall have perished—with that we have no quarrel. And we think that an "infidel" would find no fault with it thus defined—would even treat it very tenderly and compassionately. At all events, it is not somebody's unembodied ideal of Christian doctrine that "he is laboring to overthrow and destroy," but Christianity as it is. This latter sort is always "destroyed" by the least improvement of its tenets or spirit. There is nothing which it so much dreads. Nevertheless, we wish it continual progress. After it has saved the world, may itself be saved. To this end, homeopathic doses of "infidelity" will do it no harm, especially if taken in a prayerful frame of mind.

**Doctrines of the Spirits.**

Adin Ballou, in his able little volume on Spiritual Manifestations, furnishes the following summary:

The theology, piety, and morality inculcated by the spirits, will now be stated. There are discrepancies and contradictions on some points, if we take the whole range of communications, good, bad, and indifferent. But I shall confine myself to what may be considered, on all hands, the most reliable testimonies: i. e., to communications purporting to come from the worthiest spirits, and through the most independent media. It is satisfactory to know that ninety-nine one-hundredths of these testimonies harmonize in every essential particular; and that this is true of spirits who, in the life of the flesh, were connected with the most hostile sects, whose communications have been made through media educated in these opposing sects. Sometimes it has been found, that if the medium was strongly prejudiced, or was overawed by associates of that character, the teachings of the first few weeks were biased considerably by those influences; whereas, afterwards, when the communications seemed to be made more freely and independently of the medium's mind, these peculiarities ceased, and the doctrines attested became accordant with the general current. This current combines, in my opin-

ion, all that is essential to Christianity, and all that is valuable in religious and moral philosophy, separated from popular assumptions, adulterations, perversions, and groundless notions.

1. There is one, and but one God, an infinite Spirit, and the Father of Spirits. He loves all, and eternally seeks their good by all wise and fitting means. The man, Jesus of Nazareth, was brought into the world with especial fitness to receive the Spirit of God in perfect purity and fullness, whereby the Father-Spirit dwelling in him constituted him the Christ, the Saviour of the world. The Holy Ghost, so called, is the God-Spirit, acting in or upon any finite being, or any particular point, perceptibly to finite natures. So that there is but one infinite Divinity, variously manifested, as Father, Son, or Holy Ghost.

2. All human beings are spirits as to their absolute internal constitution, and soon after death emerge into distinct, conscious spiritual identities, having bodies, forms and peculiarities as obviously cognizable to each other, and as distinguishable from each other, as here in the flesh.

3. All human beings possess certain mental and moral qualities, partly constitutional, partly circumstantial, and partly self-wrought, which determine, for the time being, each individual's real spiritual character, and relative nearness to, or distance from the divine standard of perfection; so that each one is in a certain sphere, and in some circle or degree of that sphere, as is his spirit, always, whether existing in the fleshly body, or after its dissolution. And if a person is spiritually in a certain sphere at death, in that sphere he finds himself, the moment he resumes his consciousness in the spirit world, associated with kindred spirits.

4. There are seven spirit spheres, or circles, inferior to the heavenly, or celestial spheres, and each sphere or circle has several degrees. Man is a being by nature capable of progress, subject to certain fundamental spiritual and moral laws. In conformity to these laws he may now progress from lower to higher spheres; i. e., he may draw nearer and nearer to God; or, what is the same thing, nearer as a spirit to the divine standard of perfection. But without conformity to these laws, he cannot progress, but obscures and debases himself. Death does not change man's real character, nor his proper spirit sphere, nor his capability to make progress, nor the laws of progress. No man is in a morally worse state, all things considered, by reason of passing into the spirit world. The worst even are, if any way affected, in a better state there than in the flesh. They whose spirit sphere was purer, find themselves proportionally blessed. Many remain very long in the lower spheres, where, though enabled to enjoy existence in the degree possible at such a distance from the divine focus of blessedness, they are "spirits in prison," and wretched in comparison with those in the paradisaical spheres. Their existence is a blessing to them even while thus low, and there is no such place or state as a hell of unmitigated, hopeless misery. Meantime, God, angels, and all the higher spirits, are forever seeking the elevation of the inferior spirits, by all just, wise, and appropriate means. And no one, however low and sluggish of progress, will finally fail to be attracted upward, obediently to the divine laws, from one degree to another, and from one sphere to another, till he reach the heavenly mansions—ever though it take an age of eternities to complete his destiny.

5. Spirits in the higher of the seven spheres are employed in three general exercises: 1. In religious aspirations, meditations, worship; in striving after a more perfect knowledge of and communion with God, whom they cannot see there any more than here, as a personal being, but only in spirit, by faith and intuition. 2. In study, self-examination, contemplations of truth, and acquainting themselves with all useful knowledge attainable by them. 3. In ministering to struggling spirits on earth and in the lower spheres, endeavoring to elevate and bless them, thus cultivating love to God, wisdom within themselves, and ever active benevolence to their inferiors in condition. Spirits in any circle can descend into all the circles below their own, but cannot, except by special permission, ascend into a higher sphere, until qualified by spiritual progress.

6. Mankind are by nature one family of brothers and sisters, the offspring of a common Father in heaven, whom they ought to love with all their heart, and each other as themselves. The good of each is really the good of all, and that of all the good of each. Therefore, no one can injure another without injuring himself in the end. Slavery, and all kinds of tyranny and oppression, are utterly sinful; so all war, violence, revenge, and vindictive punishment; so all intemperance, debauchery, and sexual pollution; so all falsehood, covetousness, fraud, extortion, and pecuniary taking of advantage; so all pride and domineering of superiors over inferiors; so all religious bigotry, thrusting down, persecution, and sectarian bitterness; so everything contrary to personal holiness, to the piety which loves God supremely, and man as a brother, whether friend or foe. These reliable spirits are everywhere Reformers—regenerators of the world, individually and socially. They are for the reconciliation of all things—for universal harmony—on the great principles of truth, purity, justice, love, and wisdom. And they all predict a better future for the human race here on earth, as well as in the future state.

7. It is the imperative duty of every human being to exercise his own powers, faculties, reason, and judgment, with modesty, humility, and firmness, and not to be overawed, borne down, or led away captive by any assuming spirit in or out of the flesh. Every one is accountable for himself, and ought both to judge and act for himself, with supreme reverence for God and his moral perfections, according to his own highest convictions of truth and duty. Thus he should examine the Bible and all books; thus all human governments, authorities, powers, constitutions, laws, customs and usages, in Church and State; thus try all spirits and their communications, all pretended prophets, philosophers, and teachers, all professions and assumptions whatsoever. No one should imperiously dictate, or cover down before another. But truth, rectitude, reason, and the suasion of wisdom, should alone sway the minds of moral agents. Such is a fair digest and summary of the principal doctrines put forth in ninety-nine one hundredths of the communications of reliable spirits throughout the country. I have

stated them in my own language, as I have understood them. It will be seen that they differ in some respects from every sectarian view of theology, religion, and morality, now popular in the world. But they embody the essentials of Christianity, as understood by its best expositors, and of all spiritual and moral philosophies worthy of serious respect. For my own part, I confess that they commend themselves forcibly to my highest conceptions and profoundest convictions of what is true and good. Perhaps I receive them with greater readiness and partiality, because they modify so slightly the general system of faith, views, and opinions, which, by long and thorough research, my own mind had already elaborated. If so, other minds, established in contrary conclusions, will as readily revolt at and reject them. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

**Reform in New York.**

A united effort is being made by the Press of the city to abate the nuisance of the Broadway Concert Saloons. These places of cheap amusement have multiplied rapidly within a few years, till they are found on nearly every square. They are the means of leading thousands of young men from paths of virtue, and present fearfully dangerous stepping-stones for frail young girls to a career of vice. It is to be hoped that the movement, aided as it is by the Grand Jury, will be successful in cleaning out these moral ulcers.

Another dangerous nuisance is the Personal Column of the Daily Herald. This is made the medium for untold mischief, and if there be any means for cleansing this foul spot, let this also be done.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison will deliver a lecture on "The Abolitionists and their Relations to the War," in the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th, (not the 7th, as announced last week.)

**Brief Items.**

—Specie payments have been suspended by most of the banks in the country.  
—The release of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on the demand of the English government, meets with the approval of the American people, doubtless simply because we cannot afford to have two wars on hand at one time.  
—Where there is no slavery, there is no rebellion. This is a good fact to bear in mind.  
—The Chicago papers claim that there is conclusive evidence that Illinois possesses from eight to ten millions of acres of land, which will afford good merchantable cotton, from three hundred to five hundred pounds to the acre. During the coming year, says the Tribune, if Illinois cannot market her corn crop, she must turn her attention to cotton, flax, castor beans, sorghum, and other semitropical products.  
—The Committee to examine the Stevens' Iron Battery have reported to Congress adversely upon the propriety of finishing it.  
—A significant sign of the times is the announcement by the National Intelligencer that the Hutchinson Family are to sing at Washington.

—O. A. Brownson says we have talked about the sublime courage of dying for our country, but what is now needed is the courage to kill somebody!

—Hon. Alfred Ely, Member of Congress from Rochester, N. Y., so long a prisoner at Richmond, has been released in exchange for Mr. Faulkner, and is in his seat in Congress.

—The lecture room at Barnum's Museum is to be appropriated to religious services every Sunday at 3 o'clock. The Museum, if not the "services," will draw.

—The ordinary employment of artifice is the work of a petty mind, and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place, uncovers himself in another.

**FOREIGN ITEMS.**

The news from Europe by the steamers Etna and Asia are to the 22d of December.

—The President's Message had been received, and was commented on by the English papers generally in a very disparaging and bitter tone, particularly by the Times—One London paper, however, The Morning Star, treating it with candor and fairness.

—The death of Prince Albert had produced profound gloom throughout England, and a general expression of sympathy for the Queen and the royal family. All the children, with the exception of the Princess Royal and Prince Alfred, were present at the decease of their father. The funeral of the deceased Prince was to take place on the 23d ult., but was not to be a state ceremony.

—The Imperial Court of France had gone into mourning in consequence of the death of Prince Albert, and all festivities at the Tuilleries had been countermanded, and the Emperor is stated to have dispatched aid-de-camps with autograph letters of condolence.

—The warlike preparations in England continued unabated. Additional troops had been ordered and were ready to embark for North America; but the Army and Navy Gazette of the 21st ult. says that no more are likely to be placed under orders until hostilities are actually declared.

—Four large steamers had been preparing to carry troops to America, two of which were already on their way.

—Mr. Cobden, in a letter declining to attend a public meeting at Brighton, strongly advocated arbitration in the American dispute.

—In France, the Paris Bourse was firmer on the 21st. The Temps had stated that a dispatch had been received from Mr. Seward, saying that the American Government is ready to guaranty every facility to neutrals compatible with the rights of belligerents, and would give satisfaction in case of the infraction of any rule that had been adopted. This dispatch was dated before the Trent affair, but it was considered as showing the peaceful inclination of the American Government.

—The latest accounts from Italy represent the eruption of Mount Vesuvius as diminishing in force.

—The Opinions Nationale announces that another conspiracy had been discovered at Naples. Several domiciliary visits had taken place, and thirteen persons had been arrested.

—The deficit for 1861 in the Italian Budget is put down at 400,000,000 francs; for 1862, 317,000,000.

—Hostilities had entirely ceased in the Herzegovina. The Turkish troops that were posted at Piva had been distributed among the towns of Gadako, Lejubeine, Stolara, and Mostar.

**Chickens Coming Home to Roost.**

There is a saying that "curse, like chickens, come home to roost." It seems that our late correspondent, S. P. LELAND, of Ohio, is likely to experience the truth of this adage. Our readers can bear testimony that he has enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of our free columns, notwithstanding the occasional remonstrances received privately by us from several residents of Ohio. But at length he has proved his own worst enemy. We have at last obtained sufficient evidence of his unworthiness and treachery.

He professes great devotion to the cause of humanity and truth—pretends to be a "Positive Philosopher," and a seeker for facts—yet we have ascertained that he is the treacherous correspondent who manufactured and caused to be sent to this office the report of "A Human Body carried in the air." (See No. 61, April 20th.) The letter was signed by C. E. Miner, without his knowledge or consent, who subsequently called at our office to make the correction. That gentleman was made a party to the forged facts, and was made to refer for corroborative testimony to James M. Hall (the pretended publisher of Leland's anonymous "Review of A. J. Davis, the Spiritualist,") and to S. P. Leland himself, the fabricator of the account. (We refer our readers to the apparently honorable and trustworthy statements in the letter we published.) "The circle was composed of J. M. Hall, a respectable mechanic; his wife; S. P. Leland, the well known lecturer; J. Miller and wife; O. R. Howard and wife; the writer; and several others."

It is natural to ask why we admitted the statements without a thorough examination of their claims to truth. We answer first, because the circumstances and the occurrences were not out of the line of possibility; and, second, because we were referred to Mr. Leland, said to be a witness, who was already accredited as a reliable friend and trustworthy investigator of spiritual truth. In Bridgeport, Stratford, and Hartford, Ct., and at the residence of Dr. Gray, in this city also—facts occurred analogous to, and quite as "remarkable" as, those related in the letter we published. It was this probability that paved the way to its acceptance, coupled with the alleged participation of a supposed friend of truth and progress.

Again, it will be asked, what could have been Leland's motive for concocting this outrageous fraud? The answer was furnished by Leland, in conversation with one of his friends, that it was designed "to test the Clairvoyant and other powers of Mr. Davis." And he further remarked that "it was just as pretty a sell as was ever got 'onto' any one." Thus confessing that he is willing to mislead the public on one of the most important and delicate subjects known to the soul of man.

The test was proposed upon the preposterous supposition that Mr. Davis is invariably in the state of clairvoyance, or that he never accepts anything for publication on human testimony, but rather submits every sheet of writing to a clairvoyant or psychometrical examination. This supposition, if correct, would make it necessary for Mr. Davis to test every scrap of news—every obituary and marriage notice—by means of clairvoyance, before admitting them into his columns. If we were living in a world of impostors and criminals, among people in whom there is no truth or integrity, it would undoubtedly be necessary for Mr. Davis to exercise the clairvoyant faculty upon every line of correspondence. Over and again Mr. D. has assured the public and his friends that the faculty is not in constant use; that he takes many external matters, as people generally do, upon the testimony and experience of others. Mr. Leland had no right to proceed upon a different supposition. If he had informed himself on that point, his trick and forgery would have been confined to his own mind. But he is only a pretender, a pedantic lecturer on the Positive Facts of Science, and should not be trusted with the gospel of spiritual truth. We have reason to entertain the conviction, that, in his superficial discussion with Mr. Warren, he manufactured more than one "fact" to make out his case.

Our readers will call to mind the contemptible attack of Mr. Leland upon the Society and proceedings of Mr. Willis at Coldwater, Mich. But the Spiritual public will hereafter know how much reliance can be placed upon anything Leland has ever said or written.

In his anonymous review of the "Writings of A. J. Davis, the Spiritualist," Leland has still further exhibited his pedantic and treacherous character. He affirms and reiterates the worst insinuations. He might have informed himself as to the reasons (given in the "Magic Staff") why certain astronomical discoveries were not made; but, instead, he chooses to say that "it is not improbable that Mr. Davis or some of his psychologizers or scribes had seen Le Verrier's calculations on the existence of Neptune, and had borrowed his facts for the sake of pretension." And this from a man who has received every kindness and hospitality in the columns of this journal! He deliberately accuses Mr. D., his early friends and associates, with intentional imposture. He asserts that many of Mr. D's "unphilosophic generalizations give stronger evidence of a diseased fancy and over-excited Marvelousness than of a spiritual impression." And all such remarks Leland publishes to the world, anonymously, so that he may pass cur-

rent among Spiritualists and receive their support. We shall hereafter look with painful suspicion upon whatever may proceed from Mr. S. P. Leland, of Ohio. Destructive.

**Apotheosis.**

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

For the Herald of Progress.

**Departed:** To Spirit Life, on the morning of the 5th of December, LUCRETIA ANN, only daughter of Frederick F. and Susannah Burch, of Smith's Mills, N. Y., aged eighteen years the 4th of July last. After about two weeks' suffering from typhus fever, in which she proved the noble strength of her spirit, and the patient purity of her soul, the angels reaped the harvest of life, and bore the glad treasure away. She knew no fears of the hereafter, for her heart was pure and her education free. Within a week she made several brief but pertinent communications, giving comfort and assurance to the bereaved parents. An only son was in the service of his country at Washington, and knew not of his sister's death till after the burial. The value of Spiritualism was fully tested, and its strength proved equal to the emergency, in buoying the bereaved parents through the darkest trial that ever beset them.

The funeral discourse, inspired from above, was predicated upon these words: "In the midst of life, behold we are in death; and in the midst of death blooms the bud of immortal life."

In the bloom-giving hour that borders the tomb,  
And measures our faith in the light of the spheres,  
Few hearts are too strong for the conquest of gloom,  
Though rainbows bend over the soul-cloud of tears.

But oh, in the soft light of angelhood, lent  
To the bleak vale of shadows, where error beguiles,  
We trust, and acknowledge the messenger sent  
To commute her pain for the Eden of smiles.

LUCRETIA! thou soul-star that lighted our home,  
We miss thee, oh, sadly, in every place;  
But we know the rich light of thy spirit will come  
To our hearts, with a love that death cannot efface.

The outward may weep while the spirits rejoice;  
The in-life will crown every shadow with light.

If we follow the lead of the heavenly voice,  
Our star will return to illumine the night.  
LYMAN C. HOWE.

**Departed:** From St. Louis, Mo., on the 24th of December, after a long and painful illness, MARY H., wife of Edward Underhill, aged 49 years.

**Attractive Miscellany.**

"All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For the Herald of Progress.

**Regina Lyle.**

BY CLARA WENTWORTH.

**CHAPTER XV.**

**THE FLIGHT OF AN ANGEL.**

"The words which thou hast uttered  
Are of thy soul a part,  
And the good seed thou hast scattered  
Is springing from the heart."

[WHITTIER'S POEMS.]

Long schooled in self-control, and now, in my gained happiness, understanding well the sublime uses of past trial, I cannot revert to certain events of the past without a shuddering sigh, and the human tribute of my sorrowing tears. Oh! Althea, blest teacher of immortal life and knowledge! Oh! hearts be-reaved and torn! beloved friends that I out-lived! With painful throbs of retrospection, with eyes o'erfilled, with all the glooming shadows of the past surrounding me, I retrace that thorny path of discipline, to give to the world the narration of the strange, eventful changes that befell me.

These events came thronging so quickly on one another, that I knew not whether memory and grief will permit the coherent recital of that which overwhelmed my brain and heart in those dark days. Briefly, very briefly, will I pass over that fearful time, for I dare not dwell upon its harrowing details.

Mrs. Lee remained long in conversation with the two strangers, and on my spirits rested the ever-increasing darkness of a vague and terrible premonition. When young Darwin came upon his usual evening visit, I left him with Althea, and proceeding to the reception saloon, I nervously paced the corridor outside, possessed by I know not what strange insatiate desire to behold the strangers in conversation with Mrs. Lee. I heard the tones of a loud, harsh voice, that had never fallen on my ears before, and I shivered and felt the warm blood receding from my heart; and yet an unaccountable attraction held me there; I longed to enter the room and behold the person to whom the gruff unfriendly voice belonged. At last I heard their retreating footsteps, and the lady emerged from the door leading to where I stood, with faltering steps, bare head, and hands clasped in utter abandonment before her. As she stood beneath the lamp suspended from the doorway, I saw that her face was deathly pale; that some dread shock had riven her regnant fortitude

and made her helpless and weak as an infant. I sprang forward, put my young strong arms about her, and the stately head drooped on my shoulder, and the hands were uplifted in speechless, prayerful supplication.

"What is it, dear lady, what has happened?" I inquired, and my voice faltered despite my every effort.

"He has returned," she whispered gaspingly. "He has found us—he insists on seeing her—he is here—worse than ever—Barton Lee!"

"Ah! I understood her then, and a cry wrung itself from my heart, and a mighty foreboding terror seized on my every faculty.

"We must fly! he must not see Althea; we must hide from his sight," I exclaimed, eagerly.

"Too late! too late! he will return in the morning; he insists—he will look upon her once again. Give me your arm, Regina; assist me to my chamber; I must collect myself and prepare my Althea for this." And she tottered rather than walked, supported by my arm.

I bathed her face and combed her still beautiful hair. I helped her to arrange her dress, and together we proceeded to Althea's fairy retreat; where, surrounded by the choicest flowers of that sunniest clime, she sat in loving converse with her devoted Elmer. I felt for the poor mother's agony, as she feebly strove to smile and to join in the brilliant sallies and gay rambling discourse of the lovers.

I saw Althea's expression change, and a thoughtful, pensive shadow oversweep the lovely face, as she fixed her soul-reading eyes inquiringly upon her mother. As Elmer bent over her to press the accorded good-night kiss upon her brow, she held his hand a moment, and whispered fondly:

"Say good-night again, dear Elmer."

At the door he stopped awhile and gazed long and enraptured upon the lovely vision that she seemed, purely robed in lustrous white and crowned with lilies as she was. Oh! when again he looked upon her, the seal of the last earthly sleep weighed on those gold-fringed lids; the death-angel's signet was on those wisdom-dropping lips!

I was by when her mother told her, calmly, cautiously, of the father's intended visit, of the one brother's return; and I saw the stern, terrified, stony expression steal over the angelic countenance, rendering it that of an accusing and judging spirit! I felt the tremor that agitated her fragile form, and on touching the tiny hand I found it cold as marble. Yet she gave vent to no exclamations of surprise, she uttered not one word of reproach or complaint, but glancing upward, said, meekly:

"Thy will be done! I will see my father when he comes."

I remained with her as did her mother, all the night, not retiring to my own adjoining room to sleep, but remaining by her bedside with no vestige of slumber visiting mine eyes. Towards dawn, Mrs. Lee went to her own room, and I doubt not was about to snatch an hour's repose, when a loud knocking was heard at the garden gate, then at the main door. I knew our servants were all sleeping yet. I arose to obey the untimely summons; then, with a sigh, I sat down again, remembering that it was my duty not to leave the invalid. But she was awake and had heard the repeated knockings.

"Go and open, Regina; and if it is any one for me, ask them into the house, and come and attire me quickly."

She was calm as ever, and I hastened to fulfill her bidding.

I had not disrobed, so throwing a black silk scarf over head and shoulders, and taking from a side table a small lamp of cocoanut oil, I sped swiftly on my errand.

"Who is there?" I asked in Spanish. There was no reply, and the knocking was continued. I propounded my question in English.

"Open the door and be ——" with an oath, replied the gruff voice of the preceding evening; and, trembling with excitement, flushed, expectant, dreading, I withdrew the bolt, opened wide the door, and stood face to face with Barton Lee!

I knew who it was before he ever opened his lips to tell me so; I saw a tall, herculean shape, a handsome, haughty, contemptuous, sun-browned countenance, on which many interesting lines of passion were deep indented by the hand of time. The iron-gray hair, here and there sparsely mingled with a jetty tuft, hung in disorder over a wide, massive brow, that might have been the throne of a lofty intellect. His eyes, dark, luridly sparkling with the unquenched fires of a fierce, impetuous nature, were bloodshot, and wildly rolling; the strong, muscular hands twitched nervously; the bloodless lip quivered; he was under the influence of the besetting demon that ever lured him on to excess and crime. His breath smote my face with the fumes of mixed liquors, and I staggered back with an involuntary exclamation of disgust.

"Ho, ho! my pretty wench, you look as scared as a crow! Are you one of the dark-eyed beauties of this region, eh?" and he attempted familiarly to pat my cheek and lift my chin. I thrust his hand aside indignantly.

"Ho! ho! air?" he said, sarcastically; "who are you in this establishment, anyhow?" He wrenched off the scarf I had thrown around me; my hair fell in its untrained luxuriance about me; I stood fully revealed to his keen, searching eye, by the light I held.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, and he closely knit his arching brows, and a deeper flush overspread his wine-beated face. "Girl, you are marvellously like some one I knew, long ago. Say, were you ever in ——" And he

named his native state and town, which I will not again repeat.

"I do not know," I faltered, "I believe I was born in the South."

"Believe, eh?" and the taint of the African, is that on you? No, you are too fair; and yet I have seen quadroons as fair as you. Hark, girl, I come to see my daughter, Miss Althea Lee. I wish to leave this dog-hole to-morrow; go and apprise her of my coming; and tell her her brother Oscar will call later, at a more fashionable hour. Go, and when I have had an interview with Miss Lee, do you attend me, for I must have some talk with you. There is a mystery about your face that I must have cleared up. Go and announce me instantly."

He gave his commands with a regal hauteur, despite of the full intoxication under which he labored. I replied that I would carry his wishes to Miss Lee, and I showed him into a small, tastefully fitted up apartment, and left him there.

With my brain in a whirl, I told Althea of her father's pleasure and of his unfortunate condition. She made no comment and evinced no pain at the announcement; but she bade me call her mother, whom I found up and hastily dressing. I led the lady to her daughter's room, and then I returned to see Mr. Lee, and bade him follow me. As he entered Althea's room and saw her sitting in her easy chair, robed in the spotless garments of innocence and peace, I saw a gleam of fiendish exultation, of ferocious joy, pass athwart his face; then it was succeeded by something akin to tenderness and paternal pity. Althea stretched out her arms, then drooped her head, shrunk, quivered as with a spasm of intense agony, and veiled her humid eyes from the changed, bloated, though yet handsome countenance. At this reception he recoiled; at the sight of his wife leaning over his daughter's chair, he frowned ominously and clenched his nervously working hands.

"Go out of the room you two," he thundered. "I have the right to see a child of mine without your meddling interference; get out of this, I want to speak to Althea alone." The mother resolutely folded her arms and maintained her position. I resolved, even at the danger of my life, to retain my post. He noted our looks and read the determination of our hearts. It aroused him to fury. Under the baleful influence of intoxication, as he was, he yet spoke intelligibly and well, except that he interlarded his speech with words of the deepest profanity. He told the wretched mother that he was ruined; that at play and hazard he had lost all; that plantation, negroes, all, were sold; that he was penniless and distracted; that he had ferreted out their hiding place, and now, for the honor of the family name, he demanded money, the means wherewith to defray his expenses, that he might return to the south of France, where he had left Charles, his youngest son. Oscar, who was with him, and who would call on his sister that day, was, like himself, a ruined spendthrift and gambler, deserted by capricious fortune and frowned on by the world. For money or valuables, which his pressing necessities required, had he made this untimely call.

I saw, with a sickening heart, the effect of these disclosures on Althea; hastily she took from off her neck the pearl chain she always wore; from the jewel casket beside her she took all her diamond rings, her gleaming bracelets, her various costly ornaments, even the circlet of brilliants for her hair, and, extending both filled hands towards her father, she said, in a faint and imploring voice, and with averted eyes:

"Take these, take all; but, in God's name, go!"

Her manner, her evident shrinking and loathing, aroused the evil within him to its highest pitch of fury. Never had I witnessed, and oh, may I never again behold such an exhibition of demoniac rage! He stamped and ground his teeth like a very maniac; he wrenched from the delicate hands of Althea the precious offering they held, and snapped asunder, with wild imprecations, the strings of pearl and the choice settings of her favorite gems! Upon the grief-bowed heads of wife and child he poured a torrent of the foulest abuse, the vilest accusation that the bitterest enmity could invent; and they, in silence, with clasped hands and tear-streaming eyes, bore all!

I knew that the heart of Althea was breaking in her bosom; I saw her failing, weakening, dying of distress and shame before me; and the olden, long-dormant spirit of rebellion, surged in my breast tumultuously, with all the might and fervor of my nature. I hated Barton Lee! But I curbed with strong and resolute hand the indignant protest and the bitter flow of recrimination. I knew not what impelled me, nor whence I gained sufficient control and courage to confront the maddened inebriate; but I remember that I laid my hand in pleading upon him, that I besought him with tears and gentle words to leave the room, as his violence endangered the very life of Althea. I ventured to look up to the fine but distorted face; to meet, unquailing, the fierce lightning of his scornful eye. I overcame the terror and supreme disgust with which his presence inspired me, and for the poor spirit-broken mother, for the angel girl, whose blest ministry had opened for me new gates of life, I plead with fervent earnestness of voice and soul.

Think you that he felt one impulse of divine compassion for them or me? That his heart relented, leaning Godward in its human tenderness and loving mercy? Alas, no. Too long and too successfully had he trodden the unchecked path of crime. Conscience, the sacred monitor, had been ignored, mocked, cruelly denied, too many years. In the Lethæan cup of intoxication, feeling, honor, pity, all but memory, had been irrevocably lost. The turning point of time had not yet arrived, when remorse was to stand the ordained sentinel beside the graves and wrongs of the past. For his gold and name, for his ostentatious display of wealth, for the mere external seeming, men famed for intellect and worth had taken him by the hand; women, fair, and pure, and loveable, had admitted him to their hearthstones. They cared not to read beneath the surface. Those only who dared not testify against him, his nearest and true ones, knew him in the utter darkness of his warped soul. And for the blood and tears of slaves who would appeal to human justice for redress?—was he not their master, who had paid for their miserable ebony skin and sinews?—and their souls? Who in this enlightened age cared for the question? Only an unheeded few.

He cast me off rudely; in thundering tones he demanded "Money! money!" of his wife; and, wringing her hands, sobbing bitterly, she left the room, at his stern mandate, and returned breathless, with a roll of notes, which she presented to him.

While she was gone he had whispered in my ear a few words that had sent the blood in an overwhelming tide to my face, and a grip, cold, cruel, terrible, seemed to snatch at my heart-strings, and threaten the very sundering of life? He had asked my name, with a sardonic, steel-like glance, and had started at my reply. The entrance of Mrs. Lee prevented the utterance of the words then hovering on his lips.

"Farewell, madam," he said, with a mock stately bow to his wife. "I may call again, or not, before my departure, as circumstances will permit. Farewell, Althea!"

She leaned forward in her chair, stretched forth her arms towards him, and in a voice, clear, thrilling, and impressive, said, with uplifted eyes fixed as in contemplation of a vision that her soul beheld:

"Father, repent, return, it is never too late! Oh do not add to the many sins that stain your spirit, this last and fearful crime! Oh, join not the deluded band—the wicked plotters against liberty! Oh take not the unconsecrated weapon! lift it not against the breasts of freemen! Black and portentous battle-clouds—fields stained with the red life-blood of tens of thousands—a new flag waving o'er the pilloined forts and harbors of my native land! Hark! the trumpet call: To arms! See the great uprising of a mighty nation! The morning stripes and the bright heaven-descended stars! they float from every battlement! Its poor and paltry imitation is torn down by valiant hands! Hark! the loud booming of the cannon! the illumination of joy throughout the land! Through waves of blood and scenes of carnage is victory achieved! Oh the slave mother's rapt thanksgiving hymn! the emancipated millions' heaven-reaching anthem of deliverance! My country, free and glorious! the world unites to do thee homage! In that day my spirit shall rejoice; but thou, oh father, be not in the traitor ranks!"

I stood amazed, not comprehending what she meant, with a heart torn by contending emotions, with whirling brain. Mrs. Lee had clasped her daughter in her arms, alarmed at her prophetic tone, and strange utterance and warning. Barton Lee stood at some distance with knit brows and folded arms.

"What do you mean?" he queried hoarsely, and a shade of anxiety was in his voice; "What is all this talk about blood and battles, girl?" She looked not towards him, but still with that fixed far-seeing look, continued:

"Thy will be done, oh Ruler of the Nations! I see him with his young brow crowned with laurel; with the gleaming sword in his hand, with the Banner of Liberty above him; he cheers on his gallant men, he leads them to victory, but is himself the sacrifice! He lies cold and bleeding on that gory plain, and the angels bend above and whisper. Oh my young hero! chosen as one of the martyr chiefs and patriot leaders of that most eventful opening year! In my lilted bower of the summer land I will await thee, with the mantle and the diadem! 'Tis sweet and holy to die thus for a noble cause! But thou, one finger pointed to her father, though she looked not at him, "be not found in that great hour branded with the name that is despised of heaven and accurat of earth—a traitor!" Her words seemed to exercise a powerful influence upon him, for he had clasped his hand to his brow, with an exclamation of fear and surprise. With a glance of hatred and malignity at the white seraphic face that never changed from its contemplation of things unseen, he rushed from the room, crying as if in an agony of dread, "The girl is possessed of a devil!"

But I could not thus allow Barton Lee to escape. I followed, and threw myself before him ere he had reached the main door. I implored for certainty if he could give it. I clung to him with a desperate resolve; I wept and prayed in frenzied eagerness, and for a moment he gazed upon me in incredulous wonder. Then, (I remember as in some nightmare vision) he asked me a few questions, to which I hurriedly replied. His lip quivered, his hands again opened and closed with their peculiar nervous motion; then a few broken words were said, and I was at his feet dissolved in tears and tenderness. I clasped his knees and kissed his hand; eye even that of the murderer, gemester, inebriate, and tyrant master; for Barton Lee was my own father!

I knew not how or when he left me. I knew not whether the moisture on my brow

was that of a repentant father's tear; whether he left me with a blessing or an imprecation. I only knew that I stammered, bewildered, and utterly wretched, I returned to Althea's room to find the frantic mother holding in her arms a lifeless beautiful form from which the angel soul had fled.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### AGAIN THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

"I tell you hopeless grief is passionless— That only men incredulous of despair, Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,

Beat upward to God's throne in loud access Of shrieking and reproach."

(MISS BARRETT.)

"One we doth tread upon another's heel, So fast they follow."

(SHAK'S HAMELET.)

When that sight met mine eye, the wild despair that oversaw my heart carried away with its resistless flood every vestige of the erst awakened filial love. Anew I saw him branded with the assassin's name, but in that sacred presence all rebellious whisperings, all the suggestions of revenge were hushed. All thought and feeling merged in the one cruel certainty that she, my sister Althea, was gone from my earthly sight forever. Then before the mother's tearless agony all of self was forgotten, and I devoted my every energy to the task of consoling that bereaved heart. I repeated the words of the departed; all the beautiful wisdom sayings she had taught me; and when the terror-frozen fountain of her grief was unsealed and the salutary tears streamed forth, I knelt before her, and told the long concealed history of my birth and wrongs; and the once proud lady folded her arms around me, wept on my breast, and faltered brokenly:

"While I remain on earth, be my child, as you are her sister, Regina." And with a burst of emotion I cried out imploringly: "Oh mother, mother, do not you forsake me!"

No need of closing the large, dark, lustrous eyes; as if inclined to peaceful slumber, the snowy lids had fallen over their last given love-beams. Awakening from the trance or vision that had held her spell-bound, she had uttered feebly her mother's name, then mine, and lastly that of her beloved Elmer. With that name, breathed with a smile of ineffable peace upon her lips, she had entered the eternal heart-rest. In vain the mother called upon her; her gentle spirit had passed the mortal boundary, and new to the glorious life beyond, could not then answer to the earthly invocation. The shock that the physicians so much dreaded, from which she had been guarded so long, had shattered the frail remnants of her strength, and set the longing spirit free.

The odor, balm, and brilliant warmth of the tropical morning was around; the eager, sympathizing faces of our colored servants looked anxiously upon us; their kind and grief-stricken words fell on our ears; and the mother saw not her heeded, and I with every thought and aim directed solely to her, waved off all assistance, and entreated for silence and solitude. With still a delusive lingering hope, I sent for our two physicians, and in dread expectation such I pray may never be experienced by my worst enemy, I awaited the morning visit of Althea's betrothed.

The doctors came, and gravely, sadly shook their heads. When Elmer was announced, I hastened forth to meet him; but my attempt at self-control and concealment was in vain. In my blanched face, veiled eye, and lagging step, he read the fatal tidings, but guessed not their full and dreadful import. He deemed his beloved ill, and in a tone of alarm, with paling cheek, requested to be admitted to her presence.

Vainly I struggled for speech and composure. I could not command my trembling limbs, nor frame the fitting words wherewith to inform him of our joint and irreparable loss. He gazed at me with distended eyes, with a growing horror depicted in his looks, and, seizing my arm as he had never done before, he was about to compel my answer, when, with disordered vestments and unbound hair, the wretched mother came into the room, and beholding him, uttered a stifled cry, and clasping him around the neck, said, sobbingly:

"Oh, Elmer, son, come weep and mourn with me! Our angel left us ere this morning's sun arose—our loved one is in heaven—and I, poor, breaking, solitary heart, am left! Alone! alone!"

I saw him start, gasp for breath, and throw aloft his arms, as do those struck by the death-shot, and I sprang forward to sustain him as he reeled backward from the mother's hold. He fell upon his knees, bowed down his head, clasped his hands above it, and thus remained long immovable. When he lifted up his face, it was changed from the flexible play of youth to a stony rigidity; every trace of its life-glowing tints had vanished; every feature seemed chiseled from the bloodless marble; no tear relieved the heart's unspeakable despair; no sighs or murmurs of a grief translatable in language issued from the pallid, compressed lips. With signs that we both understood he intimated that we should lead him to Althea's chamber. Even the stormy sorrow of a mother's soul was hushed before the evidence of that speechless anguish that heaved the strong breast of the young lover, and was revealed in his stricken aspect.

We had laid her upon her snowy couch, and placed within one pale, still hand, a cluster of the lilies so emblematic of her virginal and saintly spirit. As in a sweet sleep she reclined, with parted rosed mouth and brow of unruined serenity; with the golden lashes sweeping the rounded, colorless cheek; the loosened braids of her sunbright hair falling

like a veil of glory over neck and shoulders. To her beauty, grace, and innocence, the young man reverently bent the knee; then bowing low his face, he remained awhile in meditation or in prayer; Mrs. Lee was weeping in my arms meanwhile.

When he arose from beside the departed, his white features were inundated with saving tears; and when he spoke, it was as the Comforter speaks to our forlorn and bereaved souls. Tenderly pressing to his manly breast the mother of his only love, he said, in accents low and gentle as those of a sorrowing woman:

"Henceforth my life shall be devoted to your service. I will never leave you more! Together we will pray and think of her, until the blessed day when we shall rejoice her!"

And Mrs. Lee replied, with another burst of grief: "It will not be long for me, Elmer—I shall soon behold my child!"

"It will not be long ere hand shall clasp hand, and heart meet heart eternally," he replied, with solemn, prophetic impressiveness; "not long before I claim Althea in the courts above!"

That day our house was thronged with the curious and the sympathizing; but the guilty father returned not; and I never gazed upon the face of my misguided brother. A stranger answering to the description of Barton Lee, and accompanied by a pale, slender, and sickly-looking young man, I was told, had embarked for France that morning. Probably he had not been informed of the misfortune brought about by his reckless violence.

She was committed to the earth's mother-keeping—the precious casket from which the heavenly animating spark had flown—robed in her vestal garments, crowned with lilies, and carried to the grave by maidens pure and beautiful. Her mother's heart dictated the erection of a marble tablet, with a dove, hovering upon extended wings, upon its summit; and sister Regina composed the poetic tribute that marks her resting-place. In the Protestant cemetery of Arganova, in a lovely, secluded spot, overhung by the shading willow, and at all seasons decorated with lavish Nature's floral offerings, reposes the earthly form of my idolized heart and spirit-sister. And I know that at all hours her influence is upon me; that I owe progression, knowledge, all the gained truths I hold, to her dear and teaching companionship, that now, and for ever, is an accorded boon of heaven to me.

Elmer took up his abode with us, and for six months we lived together; and he, too, on hearing my history, despised me not, but, as a brother, loved and pitied me the more. The story of my mother's wrongs was familiar to Mrs. Lee; how little dreamt she that the friend and companion of her daughter, the attendant she had at first engaged for a salary, was the child of the slave-mother, Violet Lyle, the offspring, it was said, of lawful wedlock, yet repudiated by the proud and unnatural father.

Mrs. Lee consoled me, even as a mother would, saying often: "I will make what reparation I can, poor child! at my death, one-half of what I possess is yours; to me you are Althea's sister, to all intents and purposes."

And I, kissing her wasted hand with tears, could only say: "Give me your mother-love; that which you can spare from our angel who is in heaven!"

Though she was not the one who had usurped my injured mother's place, though she was guiltless of the great wrong perpetrated against that loving heart—how I would have hated her who held the place of Barton Lee's wife, when first I knew the source of my great shame and woe! And now I loved—I revered that gentle lady and most tender mother; I longed for her dear morning kiss and evening salutation. I watched her every movement with an anxious heart and eye of filial watchfulness. Oh, beneficent changes! teaching forgiveness and inculcating the divine lessons of love through sternest tribulation, still how welcome their salutary influence!

Six months, and the dear friend I had learnt to call mother took of us a calm farewell at the holy sunset hour. She said, and I doubt it not, that she felt Althea's spirit-hands upon her brow; that she heard the sweetly familiar voice say, musically alluring:

"Come, mother dearest, come!"

She blest me as she departed, and commended me to his Almighty keeping; on the bowed head of the faithful Elmer she invoked heaven's choicest blessings; with a smile on her lips, and the cherished name of Althea lingering there, she rejoined the beloved one gone before.

She cared for me as for a well beloved child; her available means, numbering many thousands, were jointly willed to Elmer Darwin and myself; a last gift of money and a sealed letter were left in my charge, to be sent to the husband who had caused so much misery. She left me his address, and begged that Althea's betrothed, a sacred legacy, as more precious to him than the wealth so generously bestowed; it was her journal, in which was inscribed the heart and soul records of her angel life. Together we perused its holy pages; together we mingled our prayers, and spoke of her as the guardian guide of both our desolate lives. Mrs. Lee had informed him of the wretched relations of her marriage state, and though he spoke not, I know that a fierce sense of wrong, and a bitter feeling akin to an implacable enmity, possessed his heart against my father. He knew him only as the destroyer of Althea, as the pursuing demon and unscrupulous tyrant who had blighted the earth-life of those who should have cherished and adored.

(To be Continued.)

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